July 26, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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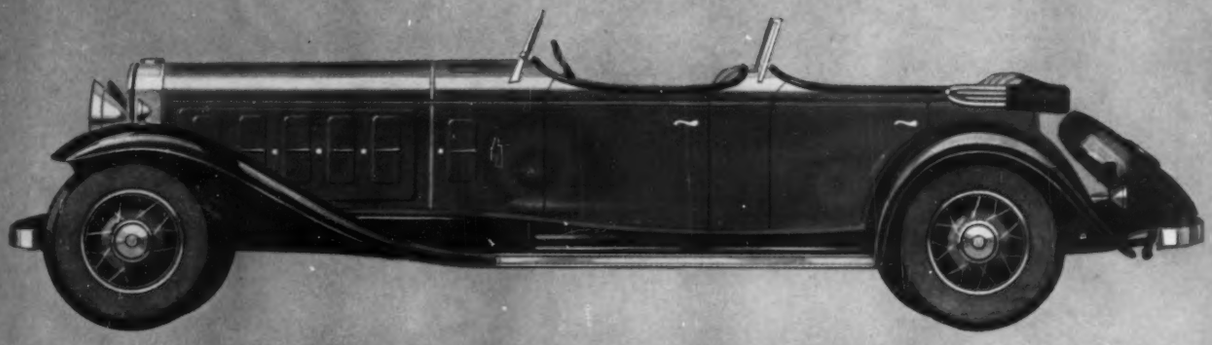

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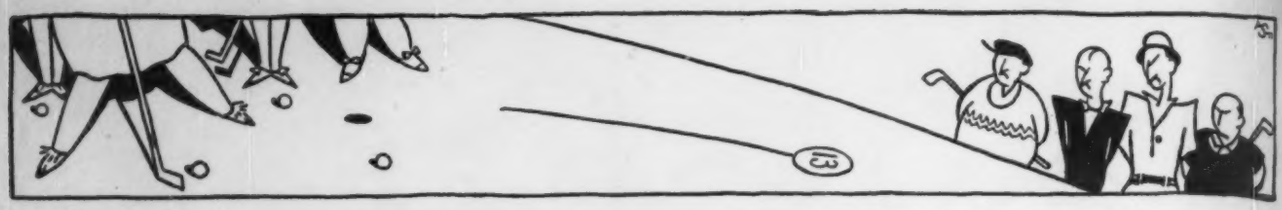

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 2. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APRON STRINGS—A well-built and well-acted little comedy about a boy whose life was governed by posthumous correspondence from his doting mother, with resulting hardships for his young wife. (48th Street, 48, E.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—A more or less conventional comedy about a wife who gets her divorced husband back by her wits. It is by St. John Ervine and is immensely helped by Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's play, based on Roark Bradford's book "Ol' Adam an' His Chillun," giving a Negro's idea of the Rise and Fall of Man. A beautiful and moving thing, easily the most distinctive of the season. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE LAST MILE—It may harrow you considerably to watch men being prepared for the electric chair, and killing right and left in hopeless revolt, but you should not miss this. (Harris, 42, W.)

LOST SHEEP—If you will not be shocked at the idea of a vicar and his family of young ladies renting a house hitherto devoted to carnal traffic, you will find some very funny moments in this. It is acted by an excellent company. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs., 2:40 P.M.; no Sat. Mat.)

LYSISTRATA—Aristophanes crashing into what *Variety* calls "leadership among the non-musicals." Very bold but very funny. Violet Kemble Cooper, Miriam Hopkins, and Ernest Truex are in it. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—A big, expensive show, with plenty of dirt and a great comedy backfield consisting of Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly. Also beautiful girls. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Some nice tunes, good dancing, Oscar Shaw, and the uproariously comic Bert Lahr. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GARRICK GAIETIES—Excellent topical sketches, pleasant songs, and a general air of romping, all done by the young folks of, or near, the Theatre Guild. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—A big, popular musical, with the incomparable Jack Donahue, and Gina Malo. (Imperial, 45, W.)

WHO CARES?—Just about the kind of show you would expect from a lot of members of the Lambs Club who want something to do. Good enough for the summer. (46th Street, 46, W.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Eddie Dowling and Lester Allen will be at the Palace Fri., July 25. Harry Richman and Benny Rubin will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., July 26. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dinner dancing in the Park Avenue manner.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Dinner and supper in a handsome Joseph Urban setting cooled by Park breezes. Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—For dancing after the theatre. Rosita and Ramon, Russell John, and Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 1351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's music after the theatre.*

ROOFS—St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music in a blue-and-gold setting during dinner and supper; dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress. . . . Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), dinner dancing in a Persian pavilion; open until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . You can get a fine view of the harbor from the Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100); and from the St. George Roof, Clark St., Brooklyn (Main 10000). . . . Other aerial places: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; and Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Not high up, but cool nevertheless: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45; New Yorker Terrace Restaurant, 8 Ave. at 34; and Commodore Summer Garden, Lexington at 42.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—There are only a few places left open where you will find it. Among them: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, popular, open all night, and not for débutantes. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with a big noisy Broadway crowd, no cover charge, and an elaborate revue (also open for dinner).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246—Outdoor dining and dancing.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham P'kway—A big open-air restaurant, with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. Revue at 7:30 and midnight.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I.—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

RICHARDS', Bronx River P'kway, Tuckahoe, N. Y.—A nice place to dance; Rodney Lambert's orchestra.

SHOW PLACE, Merrick Rd., Lynbrook, L. I.—Where you will find Texas Guinan. Show at 8:30 and midnight. Go late.

NOTE—For dinner only: Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L. I., has excellent food; no dancing. . . . For Coney Island sea-

(Continued on page 4)

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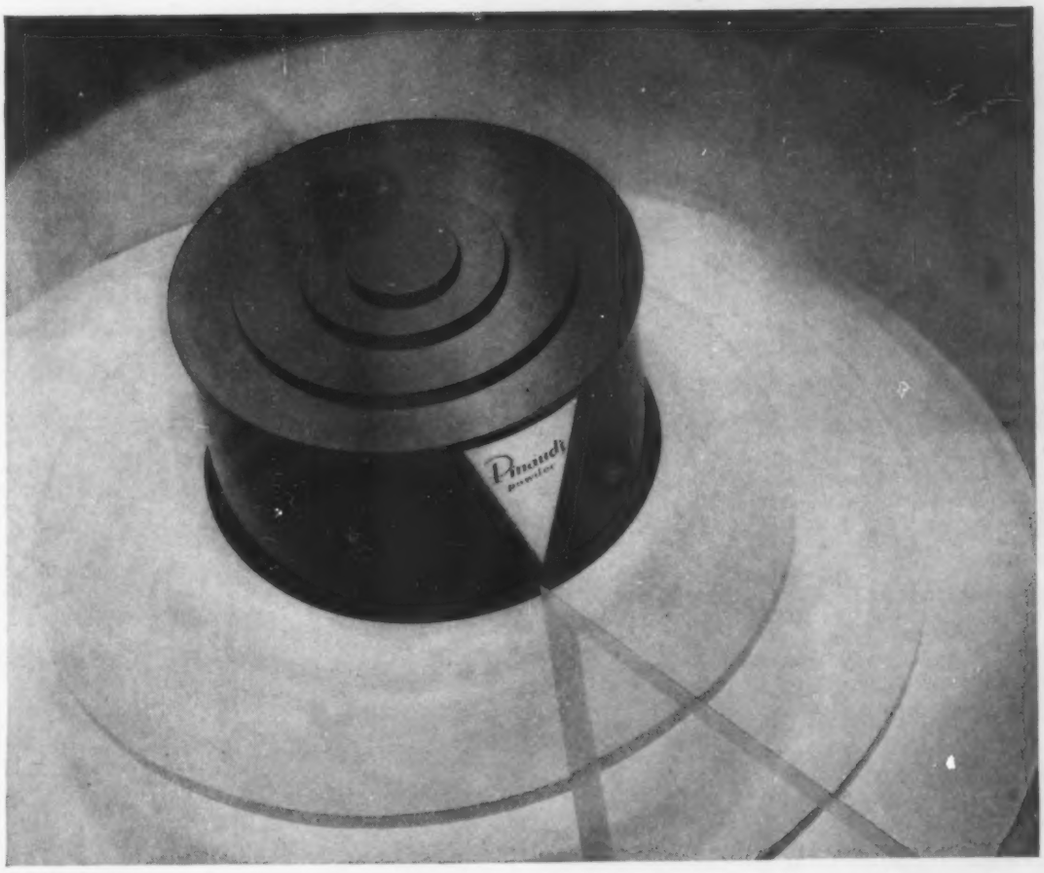
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 23, July 26, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

. . . AND THEN Pinaud said, "Why not a powder so luxuriously fine, so clinging, so perfectly adjusted to the user's skin that it will be a literally invisible film—imparting a flawless, exquisite, *natural* loveliness?" So here it is: *textured so finely* by French experts that it takes three whole days to make a single box . . . *chemically neutral* to avoid the faint alkaline dryness which has made even the best powders drying to sensitive complexions . . . *and individually blended* to meet the special needs of your particular type of skin! For the skin that is "normal" or inclined to oiliness, use Type 1. For the skin inclined to dryness, use Type 2. Six enchanting shades. Get a box of Pinaud's Powder today (and what a box! Gleaming—lustrous—unbreakable—non-spillable!) . . . PINAUD . . . PARIS—NEW YORK.



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(Continued from page 2)

food dinners: Feltmans, Surf Ave., Coney Island; or Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—Life in the trenches, from Remarque's great novel. The most brutal and honest picture of the war to be seen. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE BIG HOUSE—The best of the prison pictures; well recorded, but with a weak story. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.)

WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE—Competent and interesting picture of the great expedition. Worth seeing. Partly silent. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., July 31 and Aug. 1; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "For the Defense," William Powell as the kind of lawyer every crook needs to know; "Holiday," the poor little rich people and their sad lives; the Philip Barry play nicely screened; "Journey's End," a fine movie of R. C. Sherriff's play, with Colin Clive; "One Romantic Night," Lillian Gish in the Molnar comedy of the princess and the tutor; "The Silent Enemy," a silent movie of Indians and caribou in the Far North; "The Unholy Three," Lon Chaney's old silent picture now in the talkies, with Chaney again.

ART

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group—Davies, Eakins, Homer, Inness, Lawson, Ryder, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group—Kuniyoshi, Dickinson, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CONTRASTS—Some Derain, Utrillo, Braque, etc., set up for the summer, along with Bruce and Sterne for contrast: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—A résumé of the various exhibits of the past season, showing some fine canvases by Van Gogh, Matisse, Cézanne, Burchfield, Demuth, Marin, etc.: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—The various French masters of the earlier days—Degas, Sisley, Boudin, and other men who became famous with this house: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MIXED—A little of everything from Bacon to Picasso for the hot weather: G.R.D. Galleries, 58 E. 55. Open Fridays only, 1 to 6 P.M.

MODERN FRENCH—Examples by Matisse, Picasso, Dufy, Gromaire, and others: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

UTRILLO—Also Chirico, Kisling, and various other contemporary French: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

NOTE—The remarkable H. O. Havemeyer collection may be found in Galleries 20-25 of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

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[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 2. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting through Sun., July 27; Albert Coates starts conducting Mon., July 28; concerts nightly at 8:30. (Note: a special Wagner program, with soloists, will be given Wed. and Thurs. Eves., July 30 and 31): Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts nightly; 8:30 Sat. and Sun.; 8:45 other nights: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N. Y. U. Campus. (Take East Side subway to N. Y. U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

OPEN-AIR OPERA—"Aida:" Sat., Aug. 2, at 8:30 P.M.: Polo Grounds. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

ON THE AIR

LIGHT OPERA PROGRAM—Sullivan, Strauss, DeKoven, and others: Fri. Aft., July 25, at 4, over WABC.

"POP" PROGRAM—Mendelssohn, Haydn, Wagner, and others; Cesare Sodero directing: Sat. Eve., July 26, at 8, over WEAF.

GOLDMAN BAND—Sat. Eves., July 26 and Aug. 2, and Sun. Eve., July 27, at 8:30, over WJZ. . . . Wed. Eve., July 30, at 8:45, over WNYC.

FROM LONDON—Address by Sir Oliver Lodge: Sun. Aft., July 27, at 12:30, over WABC.

MORE LIGHT OPERA—Lewis James, tenor soloist, in Atwater Kent Hour: Sun Eve., July 27, at 9:15, over WEAF.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—White conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., July 28, at 10, over WJZ.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Coates conducting: Tues. and Thurs. Eves., July 29 and 31, at 8:30, over WOR.

JOHN WEISSMULLER—Interviewed by Grantland Rice; in Coca-Cola Hour: Wed. Eve., July 30, at 10:30, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds, Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. through Sun., July 25-27 (doubleheader July 27; first game at 2 P.M.); Giants vs. Philadelphia, Mon. and Tues., July 28 and 29; Giants vs. Boston, Wed. through Fri., July 30-Aug. 1. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Washington, Sat., Aug. 2, doubleheader, first game at 1:30 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

GOLF—Long Island Open Championship, Engineers' Country Club, Roslyn, L.I., Mon. through Thurs., July 28-31.

HORSE SHOWS—Stamford Horse Show, Stamford, Conn.; last two days, Fri. and Sat., July 25 and 26. . . . Southampton Riding and Hunt Club Show, Southampton, L.I., Sat., Aug. 2.

POLO—High-goal play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sunday at 4 P.M., weather permitting. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L.I. R.R., at 2:09 P.M.) . . . Meadow Brook Tournament, Westbury, L.I., play Sat. at 4 P.M.; Tues. and Thurs. at 5:30 P.M., weather permitting, until end of July. . . . Junior Championships, Rumson Country Club, near Red Bank, N.J., continue through Sat. Aft., Aug. 2.

RACING—Empire City Track, Yonkers and Mt. Vernon: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., through Tues., July 29. (Trains leave Grand Central at 1:20 and 1:45 P.M.) . . . The racing season at Saratoga, N.Y., will start Wed., July 30: races weekdays at 3 P.M. (Last train leaves Grand Central at 10:03 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:36 A.M.)

TENNIS—Invitation Tournament, Men's Doubles, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., Sat. and Sun., July 26 and 27. . . . Invitation Tournament, Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, Seabright, N.J., starts Mon., July 28, at 11 A.M.

YACHTING—Larchmont Yacht Club Race Week: last two days, Fri. and Sat., July 25 and 26. . . . Bayside Yacht Club auxiliary race, Bayside-Block Island, Fri., Aug. 1. . . . New York Yacht Club Cruise, New London to Newport, starts Fri., Aug. 1. . . . Stamford Yacht Club races, Sat., Aug. 2.

NOTES—Two of the best swimming pools in Manhattan are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). The new Hotel St. George salt-water pool in Brooklyn (open until midnight) can be reached via West Side-7 Ave. subway to Clark St. Sta. . . . If you want to play tennis, you might try: Plaza Tennis Courts, Riverside Dr. at Dyckman; and Notlek Courts, Riverside Dr. at 119.

The card of your interior decorator or furniture dealer will introduce you to a viewing of the many exquisite things in our Madison Avenue galleries.

THERE is an irresistible beauty as well as a genuine practicality in this authentic grouping of French re-created pieces offered by Jacques Bodart. Indeed the spirit of Madame de Sévigné herself might well guide the pen of one who corresponded at so rare a desk. Just another instance, this, of how Jacques Bodart has made available to the modern eclectic the outpourings of French cabinetry.

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Nine out of Ten wear it

The Fenton Last . . . in the Afternoon Shoe

You know it, of course . . . you have seen it time and again on the smartest women you know... slim, graceful lines... delicately curved arch . . . it has the same feeling of delicacy as the diaphanous dresses of summer afternoons.

The Fenton Last side buckle pump... in kidskin... combining brown or green with beige, blue with grey, white with black or tan . . .

18.50

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CHICAGO

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

As penthousians lie stretched on their steamer-chairs these summer evenings, they are sometimes awakened from dozes by the hum of motors in the sky. Then overhead appear three airplanes, aglow from nose to tail and tip to top with incandescence, white, red, and blue. The

trio make a lofty circle of the town, and disappear into infinity. The Why and What-For are not explained. After such things as this, a few of us wouldn't be surprised if some evening the Chrysler Building went off like a skyrocket.

THE sound newsreels, whatever else they do, certainly confirm America's worst suspicions about foreigners. Because of the necessity of introducing noise into the reel, practically all news events are accompanied either by speech or by music. Audiences therefore always see Europeans gathered in groups, listening to something. In general this confirms what the audiences have believed all along—that foreigners are characterized by a persistent lethargy and a desire for free entertainment. Most of the recent shots

from France, for example, are of peasants singing in their vineyards, or of musical goings-on among the art students—both views bearing out the common notion that the French are occupied largely with making wine and singing dirty songs. Shots from England invariably show the guard being changed (ta ta ta-ta) at Buckingham Palace, or passing in review before the Prince of Wales—proving that the English, though lazy, are warlike and we better keep a big navy. Italians are always standing under balconies, listening to Mussolini and being heated into a nation of firebrands. Germans drink beer and sing while they drink, confirming our fear that they still don't realize how badly they were defeated. Spiggoties dance the tango and kill bulls. All, in other words, is just as everybody surmised, and foreigners are after all just a bunch of foreigners.

AT eleven-thirty on a rainy Thursday morning, we counted the persons in the north hall of the reading-room in the Library. There were

one hundred and seven men and fourteen women. Our conclusions—interesting and well thought out—were: men are more scholarly, curious, persistent, indifferent to weather, romantic, earnest, intellectual, early-rising, conscientious, creative, sober, and unoccupied, than women. But we may be wrong about everything.

WE have heard alarming reports to the effect that the Biltmore was slipping from its high moral peak, so we asked at the desk of the hotel and were told that the only place women are allowed to smoke downstairs is in the dining-rooms or in their own dressing-room. This news was a great relief. It is a comfort to know that at least one of our great modern institutions is helping to keep alive the spirit of Puritanism.

WITH the pale gleam of our study lamp casting a glow over our monastic quarters, we picked up "Donnelley's Red Book" last night and thumbed through its grand pages. One thing greatly impressed us. Before we got to "Autographic Registers" we came across a small section headed "Authors," and discovered to our alarm that there are only fifteen authors in all this wide city. They begin with Barney Danford N Jr 8 W 52d . . . VOL unteer-4772 and end with Wiggam A E 275 Cent Pk W . . . SCH uyler-6648. It stands to reason that those fifteen valiant men, prolific though they may be, cannot carry the whole burden of authorship for the city; and although we don't know what the other authors are doing, we do know that they are carrying on their operations in a despicably secret way, and we demand that they come out into the open.

EVEN worse than rivetting, we sometimes think, is the lull that comes at noon. When we reach our office in the morning the tumult is at its height; we shout into the phone,

and life is normal. Then at twelve o'clock, suddenly the racket ceases. Attuned to noise, we still shout into the phone, just as hard as we can shout, and our voice, trailing through the hot silence, comes back at us from distant

"That guy on the beach tried to start up an acquaintance with me, but you know how hard it is to judge anyone in a bathing suit."

• •

corridors. Somehow we are as embarrassed as though we had been caught whispering in church.

Displacement

SEVERAL people have reported to us the following happening, but we're not quite clear as to exactly what the point of the story is: At Bailey's Beach an old gentleman was seen to peer attentively out over the water and then approach an attendant. "Can you tell me who that lady is, bathing out there?" he asked. "Yes, sir," replied the attendant, "that's your wife's maid." "Ah," said the old gentleman. "Well, will you ask her to come out? My wife wants to go in."

•

JUST to complete the record in the matter of the forty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year triplex apartment at the top of the Delmonico Building: It has finally been rented, but not to an individual. A few people looked at it after it was advertised but none wanted to pay that much. A club has now taken it over.

Eyes, Noses

LAST year's vogue for sun-tan face powders left Mr. E. R. Siering, of 11 East Twelfth Street, fairly cold. He invented a similar powder more than twenty years ago, having casually made it up for the actor, William Gillette, who was then starring in Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," and had the idea that people cast away on a desert island ought to look sunburned. Mr. Siering fixed him up. For over thirty-five years he has been in the business of solving problems like that for actors and actresses. Until he got after the matter, for instance, minstrels used to stick a cork on the end of a pin, char it over a gas flame in the dressing-room, and use the ash for blacking. Mr. Siering, who had had a chemist's training before he went into the theatrical-makeup business, devised a burnt-cork grease paint put up like a large lipstick. Black-face comedians use it today.

Mr. Siering's firm was really founded by Charles Meyer, whose name it still bears. Meyer came over from Germany in 1868, and opened a small shop in Fourth Avenue near Twelfth Street, then in the heart of the theatrical district. Meyer was a hairdresser, and trimmed the hair of such men as Booth and Henry Miller. He also made wigs. He also was the first to introduce grease paint in this country. Until then, actors would coat their faces with ham fat, and then dab on colors. "Ham," as a term for actors, is derived from this—they were at first known as "ham-fatters." Meyer also was an inventor: he invented makeup putty, which, by the way, contains no putty at all. Up to then, the players used dough for false noses, and it often came off.

Mr. Siering started in when he was seventeen, and has been at it ever since. He is now fifty-two, a bright, neat, gray-haired little man, who likes to puff his pipe and remember the great actors he has known. Lester Wallack, William H. Crane, Henry Dixey, the Adonis of his day, Richard Mansfield: he knew them all. Lily Langtry, when in this country, was a regular patron of his; when she went back to England, she ordered him to send her the finest face powder he could make, "for a lady of high quality." Later she told him that it had been presented to Queen Victoria, who expressed herself as being much pleased. He remembers the day when Stanford White brought Evelyn Nesbit into the shop, to buy her first makeup outfit. He remembers E. H. Sothern as a spendthrift who bought face powder at a dollar and a half the box and used it to polish his shoes with.

If you are really interested, Mr. Siering will bring out his two thick autograph albums and let you thumb through the pages where the favorites of the past inscribed their names. "You cut my hair and paint my face like a true artist," wrote John McCullough. "Your wigs have a (h)air of reality about them" was the sentiment expressed by George R. Edeson. Among the more modern artists, one finds the

name of John Gilbert. He wrote, simply but sturdily, "The best in the country."

Tag

THEY had a tag day in one of the small towns between Danbury and Greenwich last week. Four men, who seemed to be sharing the parts of one complete uniform—one had on a blue cap, another blue trousers, another a blue coat, and the last a big gold badge—were spread out across the road. When a motor car approached the man with the gold badge would blow a whistle, the other three would wave their arms wildly—and the motorist would stop, usually unnerved and shivering. He was thereupon knocked off for a quarter and presented with a tag saying "Fire Department Pumper Fund—Thank You." A friend of ours who was shopping in the town watched the performance with interest for quite a while. Finally a great big shiny car came tearing along. The quartet whistled and waved to it but the occupants paid no attention whatever to them and probably would have run them down if they hadn't jumped. They stared after it in bewilderment. Finally the boy with the whistle removed that instrument from his mouth and remarked sadly, "I guess they just don't give a damn."

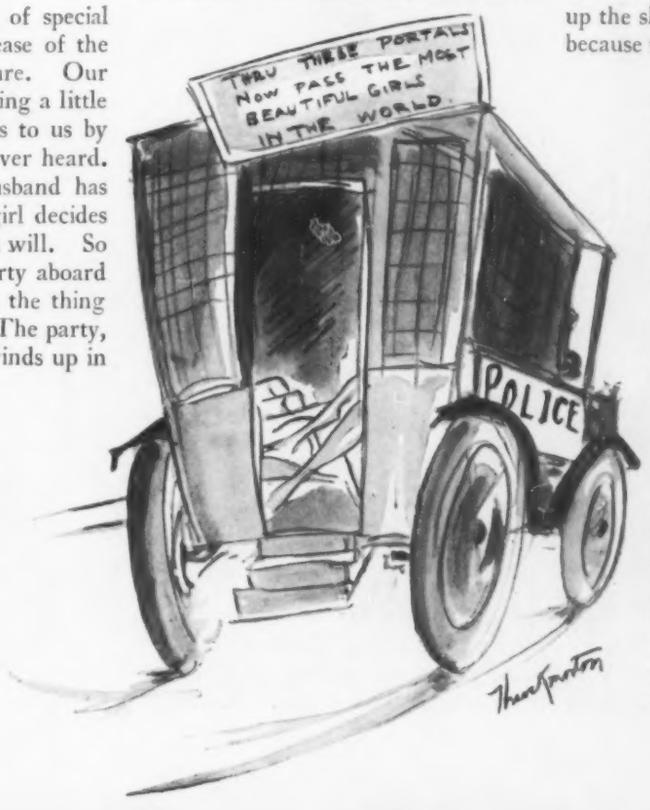
De Mille on the Flossy

WE await, with a kind of special breathlessness, the release of the new Cecil B. de Mille picture. Our eagerness is due to our knowing a little bit about the plot. It seems to us by far the finest plot we have ever heard. It is about a girl whose husband has been philandering, and the girl decides to be gay—abandoned, if you will. So she goes to a masquerade party aboard a dirigible (you can see that the thing is getting better already). The party, if we remember the story, winds up in a scene of great dissolution, in which the girl is sold on the auction block to the highest bidder, who is going to have his way with her. The highest bidder turns out to be her husband, but at that moment a Heaven-sent bolt of lightning strikes the dirigible and all the guests have to make their escape in parachutes, including Ben Bernie and his orchestra, which has been playing for the dancing. The husband, floating gently earthward, lands in a bear's den in a zoo—and here we will leave him with the gentle reader.

Harlem 5970

AMOS and Andy have a character in their nightly radio skits called Madame Queen, and pardon us if you already know it. Every now and then Andy phones her during the Pepsodent Hour dialogue, and naturally he has to give a number. This number is Harlem 5970. Until recently it was another number, a bona-fide one, the subscriber to which almost went crazy because people kept calling up all the time and asking for Madame Queen. He went to the Telephone Company. They sympathized and persuaded the toothpaste boys to substitute Harlem 5970. That made everything all right. In every case Harlem 5970 gives a busy signal. It is known as a dead-end line and is used by installers and repairmen for testing purposes. Dead-end numbers have also been given to Amos and Andy for the half-dozen other characters they telephone to in their act, and now wits trying to make a date with King Fish or Ruby Taylor are frustrated.

A lot happens in telephone circles one way and another. A summer visitor in town, for instance, tried last Saturday to call up an old friend of his. He couldn't find the name listed in the directory so he called Information. "All I'm able to tell you about him," he explained, "is that his name is Hobart V. Smith and he lives somewhere on Manhattan Island." Information said she would call right back and give him a report. In about a minute and a half his telephone rang. "Podden," said Information, "but in regards to your query about Hobart V. Smith, can you tell me where Manhattan Island is?"



Into the Night

MIDNIGHT sailings, to which so many gay parties have gone, carrying flowers and bitters, aren't as numerous as they were. We heard they were to pass out entirely because of the extensive whoopee made at them but this isn't true. Many of the big boats still sail late at night and the hour of departure of the others was changed largely because the steamship companies have found that deliveries are more easily made in the daytime, navigation is simpler, and everything moves faster. The difficulty of handling the shoving-off parties has been, however, a factor.

Life is simpler for the French Line now that it starts its boats off in the afternoon instead of late at night. Departures are still gay, but not comparable in verve to the old days when six or seven thousand people would have to be got off the Ile de France between eleven-thirty and twelve-thirty. Visitors at night are more inclined to litter up the ship, bump into things, etc., just because they don't give a darn. Moreover they're much harder to get ashore. Some of them get to feeling fine and, instead of obeying officials' requests, engage them in light banter. Some of them, too, have been discovered after departure, sleeping behind settees and so on. Too, the impulse to sail at the last minute, *sans* wardrobe, *sans* passport, is much stronger at midnight than at three P.M. One lady, just as the Ile de France was shoving off, once rushed into the purser's office and announced that she had decided to go along. She bandied money and tears about and said that the American Ambassador would get her ashore in France without a passport. She had to be put off on

the pilot boat. On this same ship, incidentally, a woman from California, who had taken a couple of glasses of something to steady her stomach, burst in upon the purser and declared that she'd have to have another bathroom in her one-bedroom suite or she wouldn't sail. The purser explained that no one-bedroom suites have two baths. "Well," she cried, "I'm not going to bathe in the same tub as that individual." She pointed to a surprised man later identified by friends as her husband. The government people have never liked midnight sailings. Of a suspicious nature, they fret over the thought that some of the liquor served at the departure parties is obtained aboard ship. To disprove this, the French Line once accumulated all the bottles found the morning after a sailing and established that they had contained standard American stock.

For Hire

A COLORED woman, who lives in Harlem and works out, showed up at the apartment of one of her clients the other morning with a handsome police dog. The lady of the apartment ventured the opinion that the upkeep of the dog must be considerable. "No, Ma'am," said Sarah, "dat dog pays his own way. Ah rents him out to Niggahs dat wanta make a big show on Sundays. Dey takes him out and struts wit' him, see? An' it costs 'em two bits an hour."

Two on Park Avenue

MAYBE, passing the northeast corner of Park Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street during the day, you have seen Mr. George Leonard leaning from an upper-story window of the fine old brownstone house on the corner, tranquilly surveying the animated scene below him. Maybe, passing the same corner late at night, you have seen another gentleman, equally tranquil, at the same window, watching the nocturnal passersby. That would be Mr. Samuel Waldman, who is always there at night. Both these old gentlemen are watchmen; since 1927 they have been the only occupants of a block of twelve houses (six in Park and six in Thirty-ninth Street), with nothing to do but, once an hour, make their rounds through the rooms of the empty buildings.

The houses have been vacant for three years. A real-estate company bought them up with the intention of erecting a huge office building on the site. They knew, of course, about the old Murray Hill agreement, which for almost a century has prevented the building of any commercial structures in that area, but they thought they had found a loophole through which they could squeeze their building.

They moved out the tenants, ripped out the plumbing, and began dismantling the houses when the Murray Hill landowners and the Park Avenue Association got out injunctions, and quashed the project generally. The real-estate men were left with twelve vacant houses, thoroughly wrecked inside, and nothing to do with them. It would have cost a fortune to refit them. Taxes on the property are eighty-four thousand dollars a year, but the owners finally decided to keep the houses vacant, despite this outgo, and hope that someday soon the Murray Hill fathers will let them go ahead with their office building. Mr. Leonard and Mr. Waldman moved in. You can tell Mr. Waldman because he always uses a sofa cushion on the window-sill when he leans out.

Civil War

YOU probably remember that Virginia went Republican at the last presidential election—the one in which Hoover was elected because of the fear that under Smith there might be depression in Wall Street. Well, the rest of the South has been muttering to itself about the Old Dominion's defection and lately one man spoke right out loud about it, during a baseball game between a South Carolina team and one from Virginia. The Virginia club was ahead when the seventh inning came along. As the Carolinians came to bat, up rose one of their supporters in the grandstand. "Come on, South Carolinah," he bawled, "we gotta beat these damn Yankees!"

Ephphata

THE Kingsley Club, made up of stammerers, has a rival in the Ephphata Club. The former originated in Philadelphia, but the latter is a home-town club and deserves some mention too. It was organized by Dr. James Sonnett Greene, specialist in speech disorders, whose hospital, in East Forty-seventh Street, is devoted entirely to those maladies. The club is just one phase of his work with stammerers—or stutterers, rather; he makes a distinction: stammering requires surgery, stuttering is a nervous habit. "Ephphata" is Biblical, comes from Mark: "... and he said unto him Ephphata, that is, be opened. And straightway . . . the string of his tongue was loosened, and he spake plain." The club meets regularly, members recite, debate, and, once every three weeks, tell funny stories.

More than three-quarters of Dr. Greene's patients are poor and are treated free of charge. These are often young men whose girls won't marry them unless they stop stuttering. He has had some well-known patients, too —Albert Bigelow Paine, who was cured when he was fifty-eight; Isaac Marcosson, Walter Seligman, William Astor Chanler. Dr. Glazebrook, the Stock Exchange physician, sends people there, the Stock Exchange being an almost perfect place to get to stuttering in.

The racket and shock of the Machine Age causes more people to stutter every year, especially in cities, Dr. Greene says. Mechanical contraptions play a big part; recently a small boy saw his father shoot open an automatic umbrella suddenly, and he was off. Dr. Greene estimates that there are four hundred thousand stutterers in the country, and says their earning power is decreased thirty-five per cent, which, he has figured out, comes to a total loss of fifteen thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars during the lifetime of a given untrained worker.

Dr. Greene doesn't see anything funny about stuttering and he persuaded Will Hays to forbid its being exploited in the movies in a humorous way. Radio concerns have also been petitioned to keep stuttering comedians off the air, and some of them have done so.

A lot of quacks profit from stutterers. One such advised a patient to run

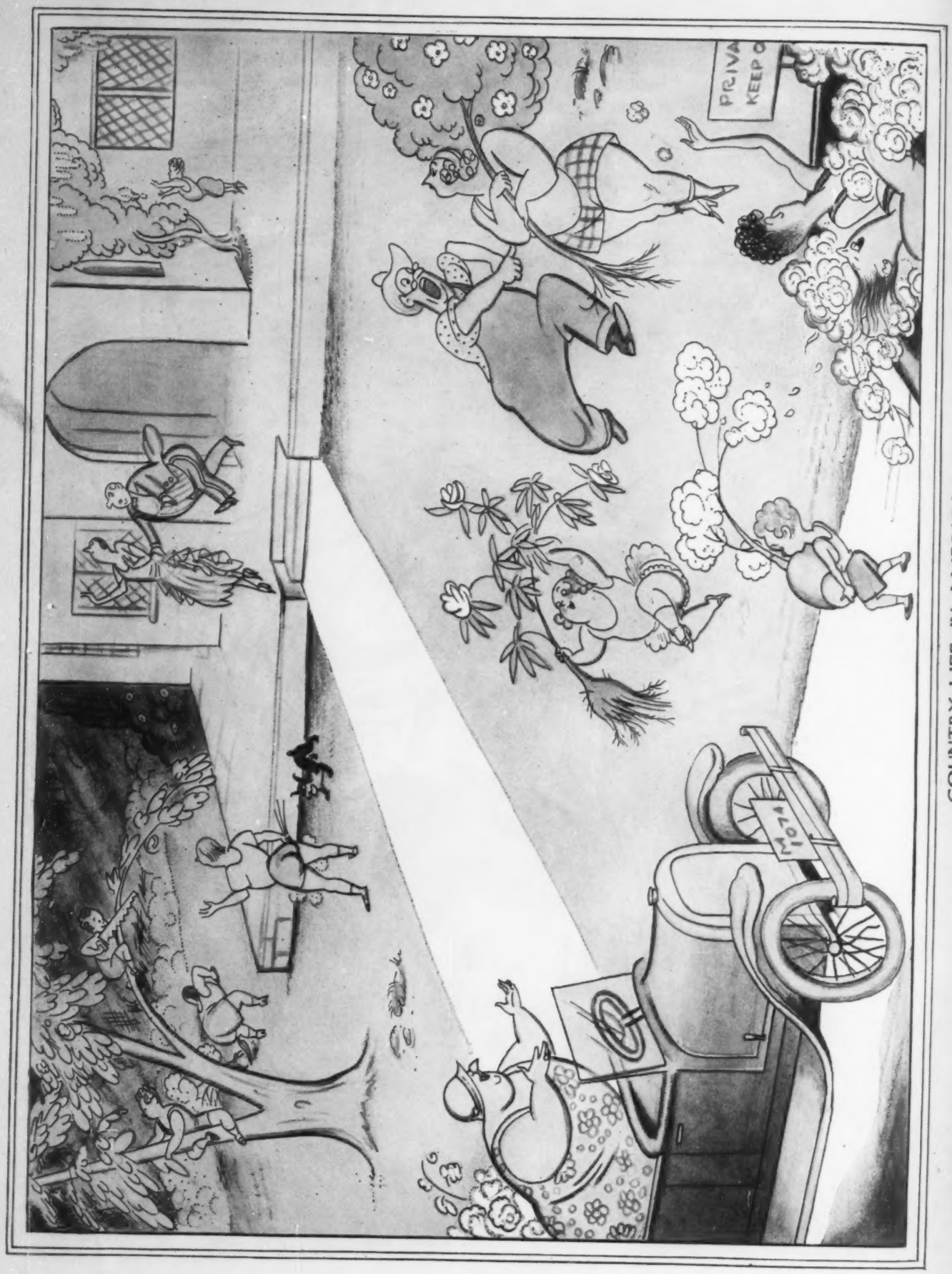
around Central Park during the winter, in short pants; the man caught a fearful cold and that was all. Dr. Greene travels all over the country investigating speech conditions and exposing fake stuttering cures. He also treats people by mail, and has been sending instructions to a class of school children in the Philippines. One of his most interesting cures recently was of a youth who smoked Omars, but couldn't ask for them—usually compromised on some cigarette he didn't really like. Next to speaking over the phone and giving their own name, the hardest thing for stutterers to do is to call out the number of a floor to an elevator-operator. Often they ride up and down until someone else gets off at the floor they want.

Dr. Greene also treats lispers, falsetto speakers, nasalists, and scores of other irregulars. Idioglossia is one of the most interesting problems he deals with; it is the phenomenon of having a language all your own. It is common with children. Dr. Greene recently treated three children in one family for idioglossia—they managed to understand each other but were unintelligible to their parents, which led to great confusion and unhappiness all around.

Once a Trouper

A MOTORIST, scurrying downtown the other day, tried to beat a red light in West End Avenue and was caught at it. The policeman signalled to him to draw up to the curb, approached glaring truculently, and then stared at the driver's face with a vague recognition. "I seen ya before, some place," the cop declared. "D'I ever give ya a ticket, maybe? No," he ruminated further, and suddenly his face cleared, "no. I knew it woulda been a long time ago. You went to Washington Oiving High, din ya? An' acted in the Thanksgiving Day play. You was Miles Standish. Am I right?" The motorist, rather shyly, admitted all this, and the cop's smile grew broader. "I knew it!" he roared gleefully. "Only it's funny ya don't remember me, kind of. Don't ya know who I was in that play? I was Priscilla." —THE NEW YORKERS

"It's not only a coyote call—it's got to be a hungry coyote call."



COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA
Blossom Time

THE VANDERBILT CONVENTION

UNDOUBTEDLY, the Vanderbilts constitute one of the most interesting families this country has produced. Intertwined as they are with the industrial development of the country they have, in addition, a romantic interest that intrigues the great mass of their newspaper-reading countrymen.

Some Vanderbilt, somewhere, is always doing something that arouses the curiosity of his fellow-Americans. One roams the oceans in search of rare specimens of deep-sea fauna. Another drives an old-fashioned coach and four at Newport. One is at the Rota, in Rome, pleading for an annulment of her marriage. One flouts tradition to enter trade as a newspaper-publisher. But whatever the Vanderbilts do, they are, as a newspaper chap I know would put it, "good copy."

There is one difficulty. The descendants of the doughty old Commodore have grown to be almost as numerous as the proverbial sands of the sea. Indeed, he who attempts to explain which Vanderbilt is which is tackling a man-sized problem. Who married whom? When were they divorced and who got the custody of what? How many Willie K.'s are there? Is it Cornelia or Muriel who rides horseback astride? Is Harold married? When did Mrs. Belmont cease being Mrs. Vanderbilt? They are, in truth, a complicated group.

What follows here is an attempt to explain the Vanderbilt family tree simply and briefly. I shall not go into the more remote branches; that would indeed be a Herculean task. My aim, rather, will be to explain and identify the various Vanderbilts who have figured, more or less, in the public eye.

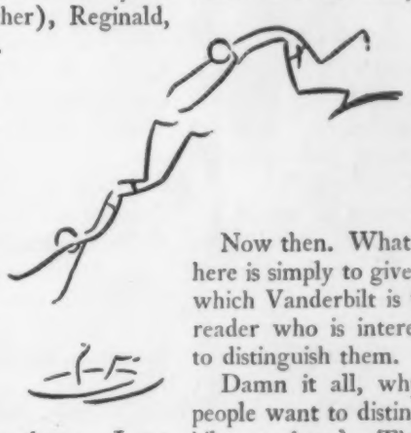
THE Commodore, the original Cornelius Vanderbilt, married, first, Sophia Johnson, and, second, Frances Crawford. His son, William Henry Vanderbilt, inheritor of the bulk of the doughty Commodore's fortune, married Maria Louisa Kissam. They had issue as follows: four sons, Cornelius, Frederick, William Kissam, and George, and four daughters, who became Mrs. Elliot Shepard, Mrs. Henry White, Mrs. Hamilton McKay Twombly, and Mrs. William Seward Webb.

William Kissam married, first, an Alabama girl from an old family named Smith. She later married O. H. P. Belmont. William Kissam then married Mrs. Anne Rutherford Harriman Sands. No. Mrs. Anne Sands Harriman Rutherford. No, that's not right either; let's get this straight. He married, secondly, Mrs. *Anne Harriman Sands Rutherford*. She then became, by a process of elimination, Mrs. Anne Harriman Sands Rutherford Vanderbilt.

Cornelius Vanderbilt married Alice Gwynne. That is, not the *first* Cornelius. The first Cornelius was the Commodore and he married, first, Frances Crawford, and, second, Sophia Johnson. No, it's the other way round; he married, first, Sophia Johnson, and, second, Frances Crawford. And his grandson, William Kissam, married Anne Harriman Sands Rutherford.

Now then. The Cornelius Vanderbilt who married Alice Gwynne was not the Cornelius whose yacht recently blew up in the East River. No. The Cornelius whose yacht blew up in the East River is the Cornelius who married Grace Wilson, and they had issue as follows: Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and Grace Vanderbilt (Mrs. Henry Gassaway Davis III). Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., son of the Cornelius whose yacht blew up, is the Cornelius whose newspapers blew up. His grandfather, Cornelius Vanderbilt, is the Cornelius who married Alice Gwynne. There is no record of anything belonging to this Cornelius ever having blown up.

Now then. Cornelius and Alice Gwynne Vanderbilt had issue as follows: Cornelius, Alfred Gwynne (named after his mother), Reginald, Gertrude, and Gladys.



Gertrude married a Hungarian nobleman, Count Lâszló Széchényi. No, it couldn't have been Gertrude who married the Count. Gertrude is the sculptor, isn't she? Well then, if she's the sculptor, she's the one who married Payne Whitney, because that one is the one who's the sculptor. I remember distinctly reading *that*. No, that's not right, either. It wasn't Payne Whitney that Gladys—I mean Gertrude—married; it was *Harry* Payne Whitney. You see, *Payne* Whitney and *Harry* Payne Whitney—well, maybe it would be better to clear up the Vanderbilts today and leave the Whitneys for some other day.

Now then. It was Birdie Vanderbilt who married the Hungarian Count. No, Birdie is the sculptor. No, it's Gladys who's the sculptor; what am I thinking of! Her statue blew up. No, it was her yacht that blew up.

No, it was Cornelius' yacht that blew up. Birdie married William K. Not the William K. that married, first, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, *née* Smith, and, second, Mrs. Anne Harriman Sands Rutherford. Not that one. Birdie married the William K. who married, first, Virginia Fair. Cathleen is their daughter. No, Cathleen is Reginald's daughter. Reginald married, first, Ellen French, and, second, Margaret Emerson McKim Mead and White. No, that wasn't Reginald.

SUPPOSE we start *all* over again and get this thing straight. Let's begin once more with the doughty old Commodore. He married, first, Sophia Johnson, and, second, Frances Crawford. William Henry Vanderbilt was their son. Not the William Henry Vanderbilt who gives all the clambakes; the other one, the one who married Maria Louisa Kissam.

Now, if William Henry and Maria Louisa Kissam, after getting married, had let it go at that, things wouldn't have become so complicated. But they didn't. They had issue: eight children. These eight children had children and these children in turn had children, so that in the due course of time there came to be so many Vanderbilts that the family became known as the Vanderbilt Convention. And the doughty old Commodore had started practically on a shoestring!

Now then. What I am trying to do here is simply to give an explanation of which Vanderbilt is which, so that the reader who is interested may be able to distinguish them.

Damn it all, why the hell should people want to distinguish the Vanderbilts, anyhow? This country is supposed to be a democracy, isn't it? When our forefathers gathered at Boston—no, it wasn't Boston. It was Philadelphia. Well, it was either New

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York or Philadelphia. I don't *care* which one it was. It was on some Sub-Treasury steps, and our forefathers, when they gathered to free the Vanderbilts from the tyranny of George II—no, George III—stipulated, didn't they, that each person in the new nation should be conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are entitled to the pursuit of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

All right then, why harry the poor Vanderbilts this way? Why not let them alone once in a while? Whose business is it which of them is which? The trouble with this country is that there are a lot of morons in this country who can't mind their own business. They have to be always reading intimate details about the lives of other people. They want everything explained to them. What business is it of theirs which Vanderbilt is which? It's the sensational tabloids, and these physical-culture magazines, that encourage all this morbid curiosity. Why can't the Vanderbilts come and go in peace, same as any other citizen? Who do they think they are, anyhow? Why, for that matter, the old man, the doughty old Commodore, who married Sophia Johnson, first, and Frances Crawford, second, was in trade. He ran a ferry between Staten Island and Manhattan!

His son was William Henry Vanderbilt, who married William Kissam —no, Louisa Maria Kissam, and they had issue (eight children) and then somewhere down the line someone of them married Count Lâszló Széchényi. They have five children and he fought a duel. But Reginald Vanderbilt married Cathleen Neilson and their daughter, Cathleen, married Henry Gassaway Davis III.

No. It wasn't Cathleen who married Henry Gassaway Davis III. Cathleen married Harry C. Cushing III. It was Grace, daughter of the Cornelius whose yacht blew up, who married Henry Gassaway Cushing III.

If only each Vanderbilt would arrange to have something of his, some little bit of personal property, easily distinguishable, blown up, it would be so much easier to tell them apart. "Ah, there goes Phyllis Vanderbilt. Which one is she, you ask? Why, she's the one whose first husband blew up."

IT seems to me that somewhere, some time, some Vanderbilt married Irving Berlin III. On second thought,

"No—'T-o-t-s T-o-g-s.'"

•

I guess not. I guess I'm thinking either of Cornelia, daughter of Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt (Mrs. Peter Goelet Gerry) who married the Hon. John Francis Amherst Cecil, or of Mary Cadogan, who married the Marquis of Blandford, son of the Duchess of Marlborough who was Consuelo Vanderbilt (Mrs. Jacques Balsan), daughter of the William Kissam Vanderbilt who married Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and, later, Mrs. Anne Harriman Sands Rutherford Vanderbilt.

Consuelo, erstwhile Duchess of Marlborough (Mrs. Jacques Balsan), would therefore be the aunt of the Consuelo who married Earl E. T. Smith.

Now, there was a time when the Smiths outnumbered the Vanderbilts by two to one, but that era is passing. The Vanderbilts are beginning to absorb the Smiths, although as yet no Vanderbilt has overtly married a Jones. Still, you never can tell. The descendants of the doughty old Commodore are an impulsive and passionate race and if one of them ever chanced upon an unusually comely Jones (*olav hasholem!*) there is no telling what might ensue.

I trust I have made everything clear.

—CHOLLY SULLIVAN

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COLLEGE girl wants girl companion on hike to California, July 30. Tell all. —*Kansas City Star.*

The first mile.

LEVIATHAN: OR, WHITHER TODAY AND TOMORROW?

A GOOD many people have been asking me, lately, what do I think of the future of ocean travel? Why is it on the wane? It is, in the first place, a subject on which there are any number of false impressions, chief among them being the idea that people travel in order to go somewhere. Now, nothing could be further from the truth: as a matter of fact, the exact reverse is the case. People travel, not to *go*, but to *get away*. A few instances may clarify this.

I know of one man, for example (a Mr. G.), who was dressing one evening to go out to a party which promised to be very amusing, when his eye fell upon the dial telephone on a table in his dressing-room. He began idly to wonder what would happen if he were to (1) take the receiver from the hook, (2) dial his own number, and (3) replace the receiver on the hook. Unfortunately,* he decided to try this out.

He performed Operations 1, 2, and 3 as indicated, and then he stood there, his shirt half fastened, waiting; and as he waited, he began to sweat, to tremble, and his heart to swell and stop: he was coming to understand, too late, what he had done! He realized that if the telephone should ring, he would thereby be brought, beyond all possibility of subterfuge or evasion, face to face with himself, and the thought anguished him.

As he waited, the telephone, curiously enough, *did* ring! It developed later that it was not himself calling him at all, but a young lady quite unknown to him, who was under the mistaken impression that he was a Mr. Argelfeister, a delicatessen-store proprietor whose number differed only slightly from his, and from whom she wished to order half a dozen bottles of Seeley's Dry and a couple of lemons, right away.

Her error, however, had no bearing on the ultimate result. Long before the facts came out, Mr. G. had packed his belongings and was on his way to Europe, where he spent several months wandering among the historic scenes of the French château country, starting nervously every time he heard a bell ring. All this time, as well, he was a prey to the obsession that the telephone was ringing, ringing, in his empty apartment, and that he himself was on the wire. When he returned, he found that he dared not reënter the place, and he departed for Europe again, with the same dismal result. It is just one of those problems which arise in our present-day scheme of things.

*Or perhaps fortunately. I have no particular bias in the matter.

OR take the case of a prominent businessman, Mr. M., whose custom it was to ride home up Park Avenue at the close of each business day, and who in consequence got himself involved in a problem so complex that it is almost impossible to set it down here, though we must try. Roughly, it is a kind of mixture of the Einstein theory and the well-accepted axiom that time is money.

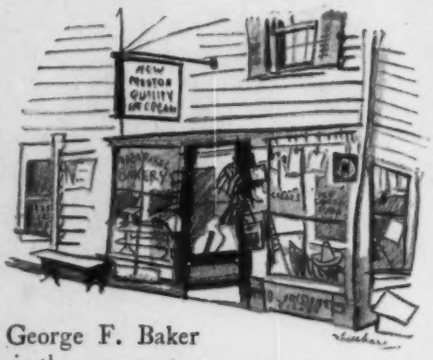
At any rate, Mr. M. began to worry about the fact that very often, on the trip uptown, other motor cars outdistanced the one in which he happened to be riding. Now, if time is money, obviously the occupant of the more rapidly moving car (which before we ourselves get tangled up we had better begin calling car A^1, letting its occupant be A) in gaining time was also gaining money over Mr. M. (riding in car M^1). This depressed Mr. M. considerably. Moreover, as he at once saw, from the standpoint of A in car A^1, Mr. M. in car M^1 was not only not advancing but was actually going backward—in which case Mr. M. was losing money in proportion as M^1 dropped behind A^1!

Now Mr. M. knew to a penny his own income, but he had of course no

"Can I have a lock of your hair, Joe, to remember you by?"

way of knowing that of A (or B, or C, depending on who passed him). Moreover, try as he would, he could never figure out whether his loss was represented by the sum of his and A's earning power per second, or by the difference. However, even taking the lesser figure of the two, he soon saw that he was losing money faster than he could ever hope to earn it.

He became the bane of taxi-drivers, ever urging them to greater and greater bursts of speed. Still his losses continued. One evening alone, between Thirty-eighth and Forty-seventh Streets, he lost $73,964, when Mr. Owen D. Young, Mr. Lamont, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. George F. Baker passed him, all riding in the same motor car, a large Minerva.



From this crushing blow he never recovered. His business had been suffering under the strain; now he began to speculate wildly, hoping to recoup his fortunes. Finally, to avert an impending nervous breakdown, his doctors packed him off to Europe. He was killed the day he landed, when the high-powered motor car in which he was trying to beat the boat train into Paris overturned near the town of Mantes. After his death, however, I am glad to report that his business picked up again, under the capable management of a Mr. I. S.

BUT what, it will be asked, of the future of ocean travel? Obviously, it depends not only on how many people want to get away†, but also on whether or not they can do so, and viewed from this standpoint, things look pretty bad. Everywhere there are the same radios, the same voices singing theme songs‡; there are Paramount theatres in Paris, ice-cream sodas in Budapest, Woolworth stores in London, chewing gum in Shanghai.

The results of travel, as reported in the cases cited above, are typical. For though it may be objected that Mr. G. and Mr. M. are but isolated instances, taken from a nation as great and populous as our own, they are, in a larger sense, representative of the two great classes into which all mankind may be divided. M. is the hard, practical type—the executive, if you will; G. is the romantic, the dreamer. Both went abroad, and look what happened to them.

Now G., for example (his first name was Albert), might have had some hope of relief had he gone in 1910, when there were only 17,399 telephones in France. Today there are 7,852,703, or one every two blocks, an increase of 8,474 per cent, so what chance did Mr. G. have? Or Mr. M.? Or, for that matter, Mr. O., or Mr. T.§, or Mr. F., to mention a few at random. Obviously, none at all.

A number of solutions of this problem have been offered, of varying merit. One, sponsored by the Berlitz School, is the adoption of Esperanto, which would have the advantage of doing away with our third footnote. Another is an experiment to be tried this summer by one of the large steamship companies, which plans to run its steamers out into the ocean for three days, and then turn them around and run them back to port again. At first glance this would seem to be ideal, for in this way people could get away without actually going anywhere at all. But already difficulties are cropping up, notably in the matter of passports and visas. The destination being nowhere, the arrangement of these necessary formalities of ocean travel is still vague.

Perhaps the most interesting suggestion of all is that advanced by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., or somebody with a name very much like that. His idea was that if people must travel, let them do it all at once, and his suggestion was to transport all the inhabitants of Europe to the United States and, at the same time, all the inhabitants of the United States to Europe. His project, I gather, offered no explanation of the advantages, if any, to be derived from this exchange: as far as I can make out, he simply thought it would be a good thing to try.

Certainly, something must be done, and that at once. Otherwise, the conclusion is inevitable that as time goes on, ocean travel will decline, the American flag will vanish from the seas, and more and more people will stay at home, and be ten times as discontented about it.

—ROBERT M. COATES

†In New York City alone, last year, it is estimated that there were 35,007,391 people who wanted to "get away from it all." Inasmuch as the population of New York City is only 6,832,426, the conclusion is unavoidable that many persons wanted to get away twice and, in many cases, probably, two or three times.

‡Except for the mere matter of vowel sounds, depending on the various languages.

§An extremely interesting case, but one which would be too distressing to the reader to be set down here. It was all on account of a woman.

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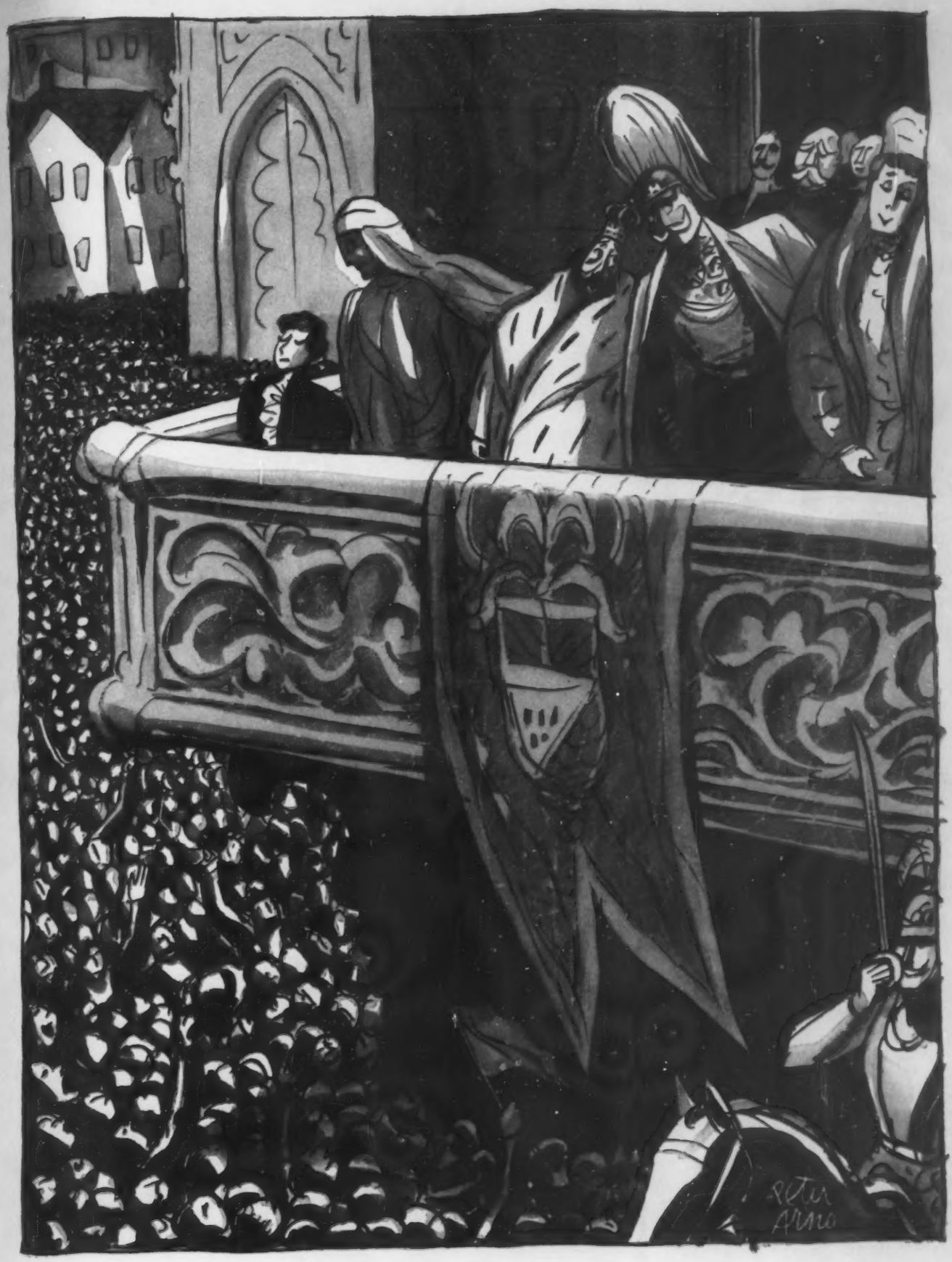
WITHOUT ALL DUE RESPECT

Bernarr Macfadden has given the preamble to the Constitution a sequel,
And established the fact that all women are created physiqual.
What is more, he has logically developed a little-known theory of
Rousseau's;
Viz: that there is a definite connection between fine torsos and
fine trousseaux.
Yes, many a tenor or baritone has succumbed to some contralto or
soprano
Who learned from Mr. Macfadden about *mens sana in corpore sano.*
As a publisher he invariably puts his trust
In a picture of a hip or a bust (Pike's Peak or bust?).
Perhaps the idea was impromptu
But look what he has comptu!
He could now, if he wished, celebrate every Epiphany
By purchasing a fine solitaire diamond from Mr. Tiffany;
Or again, if he so desired, he could buy for each of his friends on
Septuagesima
A steel girder or turret from the works of Bessemer.
That's what the human body if properly exploited is capable of.
What is this thing called love?

—OGDEN NASH



"All I wear under this is my underwear."

OF ALL THINGS

IT is now intimated that the President will pay a brief visit to the western national parks. He will not tarry, however, in the great open spaces where men are men and wheat is sixty cents.

•

The Farm Board asks the wheat-growers to reduce their acreage for next year. The law of supply and demand, the Board says, should be enforced while it is on the books.

•

That noise from the South this week was Hiram Johnson going off in a series of loud reports. It was not in any sense the Presidential salute.

•

Senator Watson lists fifteen major policies of President Hoover that have come into successful operation. One of them is farm relief—which will give you a rough idea.

•

It is not good manners to boast, but New York's lawlessness seems to have reached a new low. Business is so slack that some of our magistrates have found it necessary to commit their own crimes.

•

We are glad to see our police taking steps to put down the malt-shop menace. These irresponsible fellows are underselling the speakeasies and menacing established institutions.

•

This is the time of year when we optimists believe that the Giants and the Yankees are pretty sure to win the pennants in 1931.

•

It should not be a difficult matter to decide whether Carroll's "Vanities" is a menace to morals. You simply ask the Treasury Department whether or not ostrich fans come under the head of clothing

•

It grieves us to note that some of our Senators seem to be under the impression that a diplomat is something you wipe your feet on.

•

While our exports have fallen off sharply, those to Soviet Russia have increased two hundred and twenty-eight per cent over last year. The Soviets only do this to annoy because they know it teases the National Civic Federation.

•

Iceland has been having a birthday party. A good public-relations council would tell us that it is now in its second big thousand years.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

TO HELEN
ON HER SECOND BIRTHDAY

You are so small, neat gardens wear
A billowing and gigantic air
About your play. The moderate lawn
Stretches like legend on and on
And paths familiar to us
Are suddenly grown fabulous,
Fit only for the mammoth tread
Of Gulliver. Above your head,
That lifts no higher than my hand,
Small saplings like sequoias stand,
And oak trees grown to twice their size
Are lost in unimagined skies.
The customary quiet rose
Prodigious and rococo grows,
And even the petunia plant
Flourishes extravagant
Blossom, while the bee becomes
A soaring bird that strangely hums.
But landscapes shrink to mortal scale
When you are gone—all marvels fail.

—JEAN BATCHELOR

"Look how fast
they go! I guess they're not a Student Tour like we are."

A NEW YORK CHILDHOOD

BRYANT PARK

CONTRARY to the traditions which always insist how children at all times love the country, the fall saw me homesick for New York. I had for it what I now recognize as a true nostalgia. By day I thought about New York. At night I dreamed I was back in my nursery in the city. How long were those last days in Amherst! I thought of nothing but our house in town—about my nursery, my doll's house, my dolls. How cosy city streets seemed beside the muddy country roads. This passion for the city, for its sounds, its sights, its smells, its companionships, its very noises, was the texture of my childhood.

We lived in East Fortieth Street in the usual brownstone house. There was no divergence in any house but one in our street until one got to Bryant Park. There one found houses which were inhabited by one fashionable physician after another, and to which, at an unreasonably early age, we referred as Murderers' Row.

These houses with bay windows, with English basements, seemed odd to us, used to the decorous uniformity of our New York. Clear in my mind, far clearer than today's outline, is the *low* skyline of Fifth Avenue and Fortieth Street, and of Forty-second Street. Nothing but churches, in my childhood, broke the flow of four-story houses in our neighborhood.

Our house seemed to me, as a child, a rich and elegant place. The hall had squares of marble, later replaced by hardwood covered with a big Turkish rug. To the right of the hall was the drawing-room. How beautiful did the wine-colored satin furniture seem to me! It matched the wine-colored curtains, which were reinforced by lace curtains. Chinese vases as tall as I stood on each side of the fireplace, on whose mantel was a bronze clock covered with a glass cover. A bronze Apollo stood beside the clock. One could see oneself in the long pier-glass, which reflected the room duskily. How fascinating were the black tip-tables with their mother-of-pearl landscapes, and the desk similarly inlaid! How august the crystal chandelier!

In childhood, furniture has a personality; it seems alive—like ourselves, only in a different way. Some is malevolent and terrifying and some august, and again some beneficent. So, as a very small child, when I walked through the house (which seemed to me enormous) the various rooms breathed out each a different atmosphere, until I came to my nursery.

Here was my doll's house. Here my toys. My nursery had what was known as a dado of bright colored pictures representing fairy tales. I used to puzzle over them, for no one ever told me the stories which they illustrated.

MY day began with my scurrying downstairs ahead of Berta, to be the first in the dining-room. My memory is that it was always sunny—yet, since the house faced north, there could have been no sun; but the oranges and fruit, the big silver coffee urn with its tiny alcohol flame, the wide windows gave the room an appearance of gaiety. Berta's place and mine were set at the side table. Approaching me, James bowed his dark head with formal correctness, and said with an air of soft deference:

"Good mawnin'. An' what do yo' requiah for breakfus', Miss Ma'y?" Then I, in leisurely fashion and an affected voice, replied:

"I'll have an omelet, an' muffins, bananas an' cream, an' coffee an'—" and here James would bow gravely, retire into the butler's pantry, and bawl down the dumbwaiter the fateful words: "*Sen' up de baby's breakfus'!*" My heart would go down like lead with the anguish of disappointment, for I hoped, always I hoped, that James would say down the dumbwaiter: "Miss Ma'y want an omelet an' coffee an' muffins." Never mind, I had had an exquisite grownup moment.

I called my fräulein by her first name. Lessons in German began at nine with Berta and continued until ten, then there was an uninspiring half-hour in the backyard, then, from half-past ten until twelve, Miss Garret taught five of us at Lulu's house. This was exciting. We did not like Miss Garret, that stern spinster. Our game was to see what we could get away with. How we could appear to be sitting toiling over our books and yet carry on surreptitious fun! She always won the game. There were no soft theories in her mind about getting children's confidence. Her business was to teach us young demons to read, write, spell, and the elements of geography and history. She did it.

After lunch began the real business of the day. On roller-skates, on tricycles and bicycles we assembled in Bryant Park. Even waiting for the traffic in Fifth Avenue was a great spectacle for a little girl. What gay horses, what clashing of chains, and stamping of varnished hoofs, what stiff footmen in livery! Barouches, victorias, coupés, and hansom cabs with the drivers jogging above. How exciting when we rode in such a cab! When it snowed, what a sound of silver fairy bells!

I WOULD chart and map every inch of Bryant Park. Here was what I was yearning for in the country—for Bryant Park's rich, fruity social life, for the wind of chance blowing, for the casual encounters, for the games, the snubs, the fights and reconciliations. We met in the freemasonry of the park and played lavishly, nor do I think, in that age of innocence, there was any knowledge of social gradations such as existed for my children playing a generation later in Washington Square, where you couldn't belong unless you were "born on the Square."

Yet there were social distinctions. I well remember my first lesson in

snobbishness. There were two children I liked very much. They had unusually fine toys and their nurse was a sweet, gentle creature. She spoke to her young charges in a low, pleasant voice, and even in a discreet way took part in games, impersonating the witch in a way unheard of by our governesses. After a time some of these ladies conversed with her briefly. The worm then entered paradise and nibbled at our innocence.

"I wouldn't play with those children," we were told. "They're common!"

"Oh no, they're not! They're just as nice!" Then the horrid truth was shown us naked.

"That's not their governess they're with. *She's their mother!*" We knew that this was improper. We looked at her curiously. Our mothers, in their voluminous dresses, sailed in gloriously from time to time, some descending from carriages, smiled at us, asked a question of our fräulein or our mademoiselle, and went their sublime way.

We played in the east side of the Park near Fortieth Street, going sometimes as far as Forty-second Street. Far off was Sixth Avenue, roaring with its "L," jingling with its horsecars. To go down there was a forbidden thing. That part of the park was infested by a fierce-eyed band of roller-skaters coming from the other side of Sixth Avenue — lowlifers!

For many years, I thought "lowlifers" was a German word signifying an especially evil kind of bad boys, having heard Berta muttering about "Böse Buben! Lowlifers!"

Never again will I have so keen a sense of adventure, of the bright glitter of danger as I had the first time I ventured alone down there. What excitement to escape to the western gate and in bands of two and three skate around to the Forty-second Street entrance, braving the "lowlifers," who paid no attention to us, being engaged in keeping bands of other "lowlifers" off their pavement near the Park. Occasionally one shouted at us or made a face. This was enough—they were big, powerful, and dangerous, and we believed ourselves in constant peril from them.

I made the acquaintance of a little girl named Ethel, who lived in Forty-second Street. This in itself was a puzzling and fascinating fact—Forty-second Street even then had "trade" and "nobody lived there." That she lived there seemed exciting and romantic. She was out alone and unattended. She skated freely with the "lowlifer" boys outside the iron railing, bending nearly double from the waist as she sailed around the corner. One of the great Bryant Park adventures was to skate with Ethel, who brought the breath of a free, great world with her and who first taught me New York childhood's password: "Cheese it! De cop!"

WHILE I moved in the calm rhythm of my little days, the varied life of the grownups was its background. I have few definite memories of my young-lady sisters, but I have a vivid sense of dance music,

of the importance of calls, of new and enchanting dresses coming from the dressmaker—of the divinity that, in the eyes of children, surrounds young ladies.

I have a feeling, rather than a memory, of elegant young gentlemen coming to call, and I remember a divine creature by the name of Breese giving me my first box of candy. I remember girls coming and going, elaborate dresses, the chatter of the day high over my head. "They say she's fast, my dear!"

And I know that the world my sisters lived in was as gay and had as few thoughts in its head as the young-girl world of today, over which the elders now pull so long an upper lip. Chatter, chatter, excitement, clothes, beaux, parties, invitations. Crash on the floor, the girls agog for a "German," the harvest of "favors" brought home by my sisters hung around their bureaus. Curtains pulled in broad daylight, lights and candles, and Mamma and my oldest sister "receiving."

Through my sisters and my older relatives, I realized early that I was living in a day where life was less gay, manners were decaying, modesty as good as dead, and—worst of all—"trade" was appearing in Fifth Avenue. Things were not what they had been, even at that remote date.

The routine of my days was diversified by an occasional matinée, by children's parties—marvellous occasions these, and by visits to uptown friends who lived in such remote spots as Park Avenue and Seventieth Street.

In a rocking world where familiar landmarks fall daily, the Zoo seems to me to have changed less than any place in New York. The carrousel is still there, or was when I last looked for it, and so are the swanboats—or did I hear a rumor that they were to be removed? Children still ride mincing donkeys. The monkey house, the bird house, the lion house, all smell as they used to. An elephant weaves at tether in the same place. O lovely spot, where one may again discover the glimpses of one's childhood.

HERE comes a memory which is disputed by my mother: I remember riding to dancing school in a bus, on runners; in the bottom was straw to keep our feet warm. My mother insists that I remember only hearing my sisters tell about it and that in my day there were no buses with runners and that there were hot-water heaters. Anyway, I remember the old, almost circular, rocking buses which took me to the delights of dancing school twice a week at Dodworth's Academy.

Here we mimicked the parties of our grownup sisters, had our flirtations and our favorite beaux, were sought out by little boys who danced badly and whom we tried to "shake," and had fierce rivalries for the older boys and best dancers.

THERE were some winters in California and in Europe. When we came back, the big house was rented. We lived in a boarding house around the corner in Fifth Avenue. I liked the boarding house, being of the age when one began to notice young men. The young people in the boarding house would go to shows at the old Lyceum, to Frohman's, and I also was allowed to go sometimes, maneuvering artfully to sit next to some of the fascinating young gentlemen.

For the first time, and the last, I went to a real school in New York. It was the Comstock School, in Fortieth Street, and was attended by the children who lived on Murray Hill. My old friends with whom I had had a nursery school went there now. I was put in one of the higher-up classes in German and made the acquaintance of some of the older girls. At first I enjoyed myself. Then a little girl—she had sea-green eyes, ringlets, and a pointed fox-like face—began making fun of me. I became aware of covert ridicule.

What was it about? I couldn't know. Then it came out in the open—it had become known that *I was living in a boarding house!* The worm of snobbishness had entered my life! One of the older girls, a glamorous creature who lived in a huge house in Fifth Avenue, found me being tormented.

"Come with me, Mary," she said protectingly. "Elsie knows no better! *The poor thing lives west of Sixth Avenue!*"

That winter marked the end of my New York childhood. We were away for a few years. When we came back my centre of interest had shifted to the Art Students' League. Our house was sold. The old, compact, secure days, whose pattern was like the pattern of everyone else's we knew, were remote and belonged to another existence. To all intents and purposes they were as remote from my thoughts and way of living then as they are now. Those early days were complete as an egg and as far off as something which happened in another century—as, in very fact, they did. —MARY HEATON VORSE

"Damned if it ain't Bill! What are you doin' in Central Park, Bill?"

• •

AN OUTLINE OF THE BYRD REPORT

"YOU must understand," said Rear Admiral Byrd, "that it will take months and months to tabulate the findings we made in Antarctica. The data will appear in four volumes, when completed."

"Surely," said Senator Grosbeak, "surely. What this committee had in mind was simply an outline."

"You see," said Senator Vanfield, "you have claimed one hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles of land for the United States, and we'd like to be able to give people some idea of what we've got down there, when they ask us. They've been asking us ever since you got back."

"Exactly," put in Senator Golldring. "What's *on* all this land down there, anyway? The newspapers have been pretty sketchy."

"Ice is on it," said Byrd. "In some regions there is no land, just ice. We claimed one area of floating sheet ice which is as large as France."

"That seems like a lot of sheet ice," said Senator Grosbeak. "We don't need that much sheet ice, do we?"

"It comes with the rest of the land," Senator Eakin told him.

"Well, now, how about minerals?" asked Senator Vanfield. "What did you find in the way of minerals?"

"In the way of minerals—and they consist largely of hypothetical coal," said the Rear Admiral, "stand impenetrable ice-caps of from twelve hundred to two thousand feet in depth."

"That's going to be bad," said Senator Golldring.

"Anthracite you say this coal is, eh?" asked Senator Grosbeak, who was slightly deaf.

"He said it was *hypothetical*," Senator Eakin said, in Grosbeak's ear.

"How about oil, copper, and the like?" asked Senator Golldring.

"The geological findings were most valuable," said Byrd. The senators all sat up. "In addition to coal-bearing rocks of the Permo-Carboniferous Age, there is a very rich Jurassic fossil, tertiary fossils, cretaceous ammonites, leucite-basalt, and a few slopes strewn with quartzite, mica-schist, and gneiss. All of extreme value to the student."

"To the student, eh?" said Senator Grosbeak. There was a deep silence.

"WHAT can we do with this gneiss?" asked Senator Vanfield.

"They make lenses out of it," said Senator Grosbeak. Senator Eakin urged his chair a little closer to Grosbeak's. "You're thinking of 'Zeiss,'" he said.

"Gneiss," began Rear Admiral Byrd, "may be either igneous or metamorphic; it contains quartz and feldspar—orthoclase, microcline, and plagioclase—as well as chlorite, muscovite, biotite, and so on."

"But no oil, eh?" asked Senator Golldring. "We need oil."

"If there were oil in Antarctica, it would be impossible to get at it unless the region became tropical or semi-tropical again, as it once was."

"How long would that take?" asked Senator Grosbeak.

"Several hundred million years," said Byrd. There was a long silence, and all the senators looked slightly unhappy.

"It might take only *one* hundred million years," said the Rear Admiral, reassuringly.

"How about birds—are there any valuable birds down there?" asked Senator Vanfield.

"The only bird life is penguins," said Byrd.

"Since *you* came back—hah, Admiral?" laughed Senator Grosbeak—and he shoved his elbow into Senator Eakin's side. Senator Eakin moved his chair slightly away.

"Fortunately for the preservation of these harmless and delightful birds," went on the Admiral, "their blubber-coated skins do not possess a marketable value."

"What'd he say?" asked Senator Grosbeak, who was still chuckling at his bon mot.

"Blubber-coated penguins," said Eakin, "valueless."

"There are also millions of seals," continued Byrd, "but they are not fur-bearing and are also happily immune from human exploitation. There are millions of seals."

"I don't want to hear about them,"

"Have you seen the cook, Egmont?"

"Why don't you get some for Junior? My dear, they're terribly instructive!"

• •

said Senator Prish, who up to this time had been quietly drawing pictures on a pad. "What else did you find?"

"We discovered some remarkable wind velocities and some extraordinary temperatures," said Byrd. "We brought back, indeed, hundreds of thousands of interesting figures. Our physicist took gradients of the snow. His findings are, I think, extremely valuable."

"Did he get these valuable gradients back safely?" asked Senator Vanfield.

"Oh, yes," said Byrd.

"Well, would you say they had a value comparable to that of—ah—radium, maybe?"

"A gradient," said Byrd, a little wearily, "is a rational integral homogeneous isobaric function of a number of quantics. I am sure you gentlemen will not be disappointed in them."

"They sound splendid," said Senator Prish. Another long pause ensued.

"We got the contour of the ocean, too—with the sonic depth-finder," said Byrd, proudly. "The contour of the ocean had never been got before."

"A fine achievement," said Senator Vanfield.

"Thank you," said Byrd. "We found some very deep spots." Everybody fell silent.

"THERE'S no way at all of getting at this coal, you say?" asked Senator Grosbeak.

"No," Senator Eakin told him.

"Well, how about oil?" asked Senator Grosbeak. The others stirred uneasily.

"We covered that," said Eakin. This time there was a very long pause.

"There's a great deal more work to be done down there," said Byrd, "I'm going back again, of course."

"Ah—yes, that's quite right," said Senator Vanfield, "and splendid too. But if I were you I wouldn't claim any more land. I think we have enough land now. I don't want you to overwork yourself."

"Well, he might claim some just a little less icy, if there is any," said Senator Grosbeak. "Is there?"

"It's all a lost, dead, enormously fascinating wilderness of ice, the empire of the winds, the forlorn frontier of adventure, the farthest south of the Stars and Stripes," said Byrd.

"Well, I wouldn't claim any more of it," said Senator Grosbeak. "I guess, gentlemen," he added, "that's all we wanted to know. Let us adjourn—and thank you, Admiral Byrd." They got up and shook hands with the explorer. Then they all filed quietly out of the committee-room—except Senator Prish. He was still drawing pictures on a pad, shading in little circles and squares and gradients.

—JAMES THURBER

•

Riverside Drive (Grant's Tomb)—Top floor; exceptionally cool; refined; $8. —*The Times.*

That reminds us of an old story about Lillian Russell.

THE POTTS CASE

ON June 7, 1929, I received a letter from my mother out in Lawrenceville, Illinois, in which she asked me to be sure to look up Walter and Myrtle Potts, who were making a trip to Europe and stopping for some sightseeing in London.

I suppose I must confess that I did not take this very seriously. For at least once each month—and oftener in summer—my mother writes to say that the So-and-So's from my home town have decided to come to Europe and will I please do what I can for them in London. Inasmuch as she never says where they will be in London, nothing, unless they look me up, comes of these suggestions, for London is quite a large place and quite swallows up visitors from such home towns as mine.

The Potts case, however, turned out differently. For in July my mother wrote again. Had I looked up Myrtle and Walter yet? Walter's mother (poor old Mrs. Potts, my mother said; she had come to the U.B. social but it was really too much for her strength) had asked again and again if I had seen Walter and Myrtle. I felt a little impatient over this letter because Mother didn't give me their London address. Besides, why couldn't they look me up? Didn't they have my address? Would Mother—I wrote—kindly give my address to old Mrs. Potts and ask her to send it along to Walter and Myrtle Potts, and would Mother also please ask Mrs. Potts for Walter and Myrtle's London address and send it along to me, after which I should be delighted to look them up, it not being until that time even possible.

One of my mother's August letters contained this: "Did you get to see Walter and Myrtle?" Another said: "I saw Mary Potts yesterday in Nunn's drugstore and she was saying how disappointed she was that you hadn't seen Walter and Myrtle in London. Mary hears from them regularly but she said it would be a comfort with them so far away from home if she could just have some word of them from somebody else, which I said I could well understand."

Well, why didn't they tell me where to find Walter and Mary? Should I cable for their address? Maybe I could get a cable properly answered.

THEN I had a brain wave. I could inquire at the Bow Street police station. Any foreigner who remains more than two months in England has to register with the police down at Bow Street. Walter and Myrtle had certainly been in London more than two months.

So I wrote a note to Bow Street, asking if Mr. and Mrs. Walter Potts, of Lawrenceville, Illinois, U.S.A., were registered and if so would they please send along their London address.

Two days later, the telephone.

"The Bow Street police station speaking, Madam. In regard to your letter about—about—one moment, please—about Mr. and Mrs. Potts."

"Oh, yes."

"We have looked everywhere, Madam. We have gone through all the files, but our efforts remain unavailing, Madam."

"You mean they aren't registered?" I said, with mixed feelings.

"Right you are, Madam. But can you give us any further information? That is, can you tell us approximately when they arrived in England—that is—"

"Oh—no, I'm afraid I can't."

"Well, in any case, Madam, we'll go through all the files again and—"

"Oh, please don't trouble. It isn't important. They're just friends and I thought—"

"But it's no trouble, Madam. It's a pleasure, I assure you. If they're your friends, we'll find them if they're to be found."

"Oh," I said.

As I replaced the receiver I had another brain wave. Walter and Myrtle, with typical American carelessness, had failed to register with the police!

Suppose the police found them? They'd have to pay a big fine! They'd thank me—just wouldn't they!—for looking them up and getting them fined.

TWO days later a letter came, importantly stamped "On His Majesty's Service." It was from Bow Street. It begged to inform me that no trace of Walter and Myrtle Potts, etc., etc., Americans, had turned up at Bow Street, so the matter had accordingly been turned over to Scotland Yard.

Scotland Yard! I turned white. I imagined myself writing, humbly: "Dear Mother—I tried awfully hard to find Walter and Myrtle but since you had given me no address I inquired at the police station which is a perfectly-all-right thing to do in London as everybody has to register with the police over here, but since they had no trace of W. and M. at the police station they said they had turned the

"My boop-a-doop is ragged because I ain't feelin' good—that's why!"

Speeding Service on the Sampler

Wherever summer sports or journeys may take you, there you can buy that favorite of sports-lovers and travelers—Whitman's *Sampler.* Even the quaint little resort shops have Whitman's in the season, always supplied direct from the makers, not through middlemen. You will find Whitman agents in larger towns listed in the Bell Telephone Classified Directory.

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Favorites in Forty-Eight States

LE MOMENT MALADROIT

[THE AWKWARD MOMENT]

When you "ruinez" (gum) a lady's entrance to the "salon" (pronounced salon) . . remain "tranquille" (tranquil).

Be nonchalant . . .

LIGHT A MURAD

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

© P. Lorillard Co.

matter over to Scotland Yard which isn't at all as bad as it must sound to an American who has had no experience with Scotland Yard, but at the same time if Walter and M. haven't registered they can be fined several thousand dollars so would you ask Mrs. Potts to cable them to—" Well, anyhow I hadn't meant to do it, only I had wanted Mother to have something comforting to tell poor old Mrs. Potts.

I THOUGHT of leaving London forever, or something. But I hung on. In a week—an endless week—an end came to my selfimposed anguish. Again the telephone. A deep, deep voice.

"This," purred the deep, deep voice, "is Sergeant Smith of Scotland Yard."

"Oh!" I stammered.

"In reference to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Potts, American citizens, residents of Lawrenceville, Illinois, U.S.A."

"Oh."

"Mr. and Mrs. Potts," the voice purred on, "entered England at Southampton on June 10, 1929, at eleven-forty-nine A.M."

I couldn't say anything.

"Mr. and Mrs. Potts"—pause—"Mr. and Mrs. Potts left England from Harwich on the night of June 12, 1929, at eleven-thirty-one."

"Oh, they've gone then?"

"That appears to be the case, Madam."

"Then they were in England only two days?"

"Quite right, Madam. Can we be of any further assistance, Madam?"

"No, thank you. Thank you very much," I said, joyfully.

"No trouble, Madam," said Scotland Yard. —FRANCES CRANE

•

THE NATURE STUDENT

His mind was proboscidian.
It delved for fiery ants of fact.
He called on all the birds and bees,
And made intrusions without tact.
His toes disturbed anemones
In Adriatic-colored pools,
He dived into the ocean and
Disorganized the fishes' schools.
He hung around the robins' home.
He had to know their outs and ins;
His telescope annoyed the stars
Curled tight like silver pangolins.
He chased the butterflies with nets;
He would not give them any rest.
I wish he'd take a walk with me—
I know a lovely hornets' nest!

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

Confidentially

Now that the family is settled out of town...how about yourself? Come down and see what this luxurious apartment hotel has to offer you, Mr. Left-in-the-City.

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Lexington Avenue and 37th Street
Lexington 1200
On Murray Hill, 1—2—3
—and more Rooms
SPECIAL SUMMER RATES
Open Air Roof Garden — Solarium
Owners: Morris White Holding, Inc.
A. D. Pannaci, *Manager*

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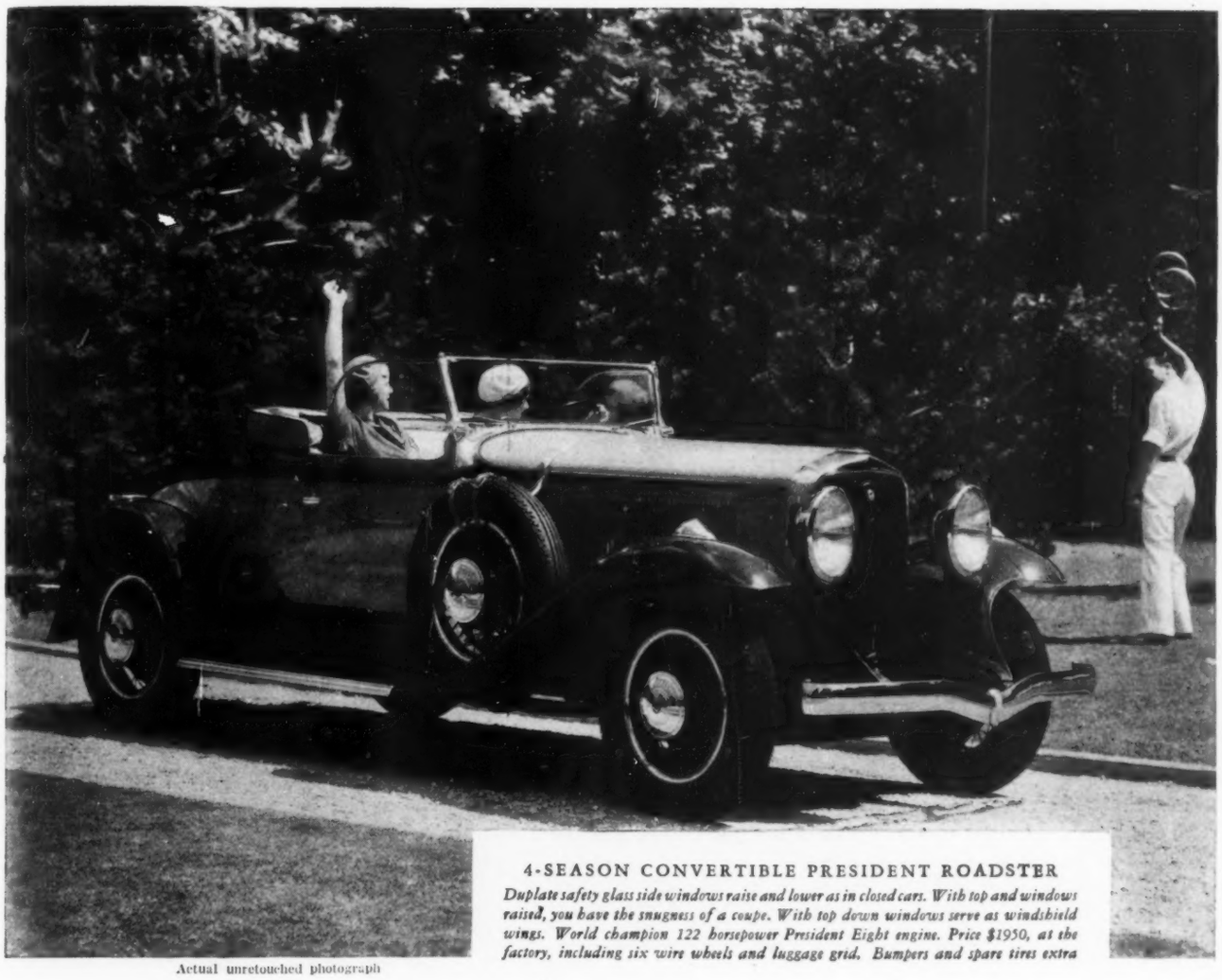

Actual unretouched photograph

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The World Champion **President**

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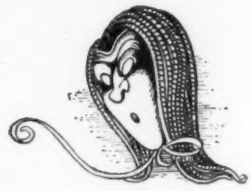

THE BAVARIAN MOUSETRAP

IT is a secret of Polichinelle that the cherished Theatre Guild did not, in New York at least, have any too prosperous a season last year and now, while so many of its directorate are travelling in Europe (looking everywhere, I suppose, for American manuscripts) I think they might profitably attend the most successful production of the year and ponder on the ingredients of that success. I refer, of course, to the Passion Play at Oberammergau where, in accordance with a frightened vow their forefathers made three centuries ago, the good people of the village have once again assembled to perform the pious old chronicle-play which some forgotten but presumably long-winded monk fashioned from the stuff of the four Gospels.

Time was when the woodcarvers and blacksmiths and goatherds of Oberammergau would give their innocent mystery in the little village church and neighbors afoot and on horseback would come from the valleys round about to witness it. But ever since the first photographs of the current Christus at work among the shavings of his carpentry shop began to appear in our illustrated magazines about forty years ago, no church any less roomy than St. Peter's at Rome could accommodate all the resolute American wives and the non-resistant American husbands who are determined to see the Passion Play. Nowadays it is given on a roofless, wingless, somewhat Attic stage in a theatre larger than the New York Hippodrome, and for most of the seventy performances scheduled for 1930 all the seats were gone as long ago as April. The audiences pour in by way of Munich and Innsbruck in numbers that more than make up for the apathy of the players' own compatriots. Indeed the Germans, when disturbed by the steady hum of Americans swarming towards Oberammergau, look up from their work long enough to say, with an expression of acute distaste, "Are they having that thing this year?" much in the tone of one saying "Is it time again for the seventeen-year locusts?"

But the fact that something like three hundred thousand Americans will, before the next equinox, have attended this year's performance and, for the purpose, not only have travelled halfway across the world to that high inaccessible village but accepted there uncomplainingly such lodging and provender as would normally elicit from them most vehement expressions of dissatisfaction—this fact, I say, does suggest that the philosopher was right about the path beaten through the wilderness to the door of the perfect mousetrap. Right, that is, as far as he went. For there is the further suggestion that the wilderness is strategically the ideal position for anyone who is making even a pretty good mousetrap.

I THINK it may have already dawned on the Guild's directorate that what their enterprise needs is just a dash of wilderness, that they were lacking in sagacity, decision, and imagination when they cravenly built their playhouse in the theatrical district, that theirs has progressively lost character and distinction by being merely one of sixty theatres huddled sheeplike in the most grotesquely congested quarter of Manhattan. But they need not have journeyed so far as the Bavarian mountains to observe this phenomenon. They might have noted its operation in the faithful crowds that flocked to the Neighborhood Playhouse in Grand Street from every quarter of the city (except possibly Grand Street); in the multitudes that willingly followed Christopher Morley when he set up his booth in Hoboken—followed him, at least, until that tarry old romp became so whimsical that even his most devoted well-wishers grew lame from the strain of watching anyone persist so long in a single mood; above all in the success that has gone downtown to perch on the banner of Eva Le Gallienne. I am sure that half of Miss Le Gallienne's audiences are made up of playgoers who arrive glowing with the thought that they have actually been able to go to a play once more without the racking experience of a fight through the ugly snarl of Times Square traffic which has made most theatregoing in our town as serene and elegant an activity as Christmas shopping in Macy's basement. For my part, I think it would do the Guild good to sell their present theatre and get away from what is technically known as "it all." They need not go so far as Oberammergau. The corner of 110th Street and Seventh Avenue were wilderness enow.

Then let them consider the early morning scene at Oberammergau—thousands of intent Americans marching grimly to a punishing performance which begins at eight in the morning and lasts till sundown. To all our managers who weakly protest that they cannot get an audience into a theatre on time no matter how late they ring up the curtain, the Oberammergau spectacle should suggest that any American audience can be assembled promptly if you will only make it hard enough for them. And at the Passion Play they stay till the bitter end, suggesting that, quantitatively at least, "Strange Interlude" was only a step in the right direction and that if the Guild lost money in producing "Back to Methuselah" it was only because they did not produce it at a single sitting.

FINALLY there is no doubt that a large part of the fascination which Oberammergau exerts on the American mind lies in the circumstance that the playgoer is lodged with one or another of the players. Out of each audience, of course, only a few can be put up with the Christus but they can all hope to be. I think the Guild might profitably experiment with this scheme. Tickets entitling the holder not only to aisle seats but to board and lodging at Miss Fontanne's would, I suppose, command the highest prices.

Then you can easily imagine the headmistress at Miss Spence's writing in to reserve Christmas holiday seats for six of her charges who had expressed a preference for going home after the performance with Alexander Kirkland. I can even surmise which member of the Guild's Acting Company would better be given away with the complimentary seats.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

8 . . Now Solo for the First Time and learn that—

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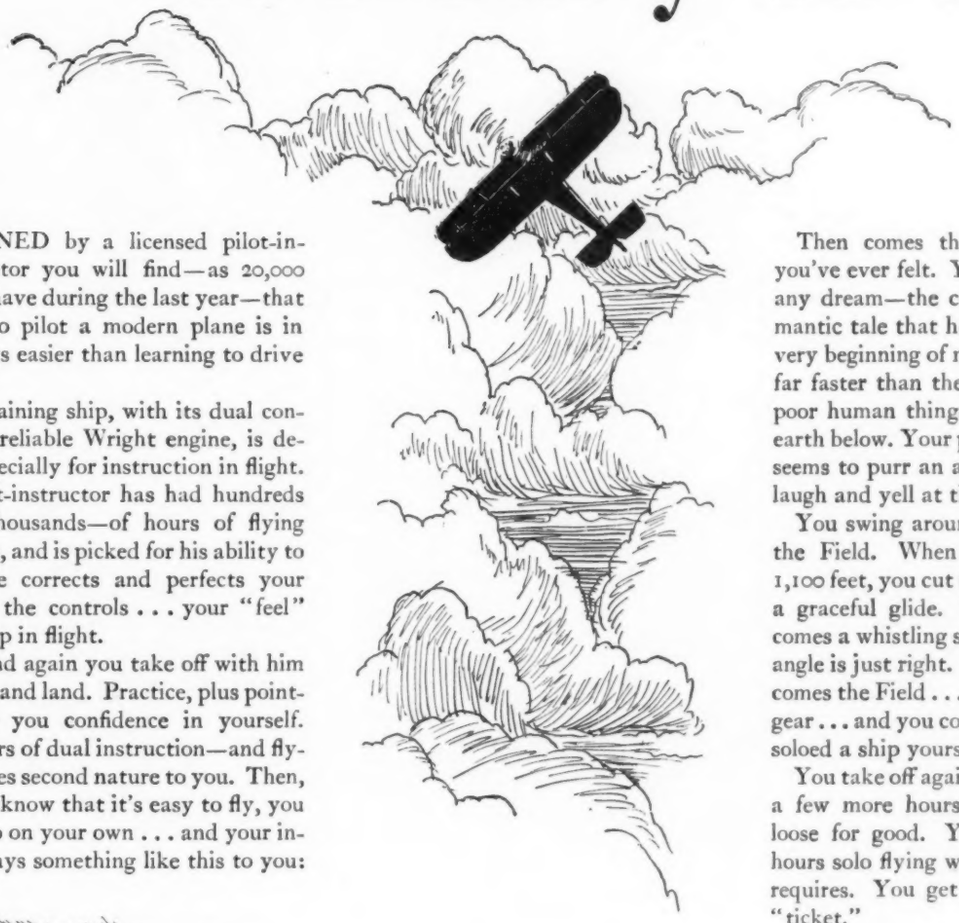

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"All right, my friend, take her up. You know now that flying's a simple task. Just take it easy, and don't forget to fly back, because I want to take her up myself in a little while."

You look upward . . . to the right . . . to the left, and see that all is clear. You "give her the gun." The "Whirlwind" responds instantly . . . and the ground slides beneath your wings. You miss the friendly figure in the front cockpit, but new lightness makes the ship handle even more easily. You pull back the stick almost automatically . . . climb neatly . . . bank and turn . . . and give one last look at the field. Far below, your instructor casually points you out to your flying mates . . .

Then comes the keenest confidence you've ever felt. You're exalted beyond any dream—the central figure in a romantic tale that has been told since the very beginning of man—for you're flying far faster than the wind. You pity the poor human things that creep over the earth below. Your powerful "Whirlwind" seems to purr an acclaim. You want to laugh and yell at the sun!

You swing around and speed back to the Field. When the altimeter reads 1,100 feet, you cut the "gun" and go into a graceful glide. Through the rigging comes a whistling sound which says your angle is just right. Forward and upward comes the Field . . . touches your landing gear . . . and you come aground. You've soloed a ship yourself!

You take off again . . . and again. After a few more hours aloft, you're turned loose for good. You fill out your ten hours solo flying which the Government requires. You get your Private Pilot's "ticket."

Then, almost before you know it, you start figuring on the selection of a plane—which Wright's next advertisement will help you to do—and piloting it all on your own!

This is No. 8 in a series of Plain Talks on Flying. If you have missed any, write for booklet reprinting the entire set. Address

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YOUR decision to go to Marseille and your mild consternation at discovering that it is fourteen hours from Paris. The difficulty of convincing your friends that you crave the experience of sitting up all night in a second-class compartment. The veiled warnings and the story of the woman who was murdered and dissected on the night train from Edinburgh to London. The four other stories all equally cheering.

The farewell dinner which lasts longer than is advisable. The assurance that nobody goes to Marseille, so you needn't hurry. The taxi-driver whose caution would, under happier circumstances, be delightful. The arrival at the Gare de Lyon and the reflection that perhaps nobody is going to Marseille but a lot of people are going somewhere.

The friend who goes off to get you a pillow and disappears forever. The friend who fights his way up and down the platform looking for an empty compartment. His continued battle to find one seat that is available. The guard who is experimentally tooting his whistle. The engine which is snuffling and crowing. The rather unflattering determination of your playmates to get you on board even if you have to spend the night standing. The compartment which, owing to the size of its occupants, seems full but in which there is one empty place.

The farewells abruptly terminated. The seat between the large lady who

•

When time's too short for a long cigar . . . it's time for

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is already discussing some of her most interesting symptoms and the stout gentleman in the *fantaisie* tweeds who is gravely reading a copy of *Sourire*. The anxious mother and the child who is obviously suffering from earache. The gentleman who travels in wines and the very superior gentleman who manages to convey the impression that he has never seen such rabble. The reflection that the only atrocity that could be committed here would be massacre on a large scale.

THE gradual succumbing to an asphyxiated drowsiness. The gentleman on your right who has covered his face with a handkerchief and will probably be dead before morning. The nervousness. The suffocation.

The decision to go out in the corridor for a cigarette. The shelf seat built to discourage loitering. The two gentlemen who eye you with gloomy curiosity. Their failure to speak to you, due probably to the fact that you have aged ten years and your face is lightly coated with coal dust. The sixth cigarette. The seventh cigarette. The decision to return to the compartment, which is after all upholstered. Your astonishment at finding everybody alive and mildly conversational. The cushioned seat. The stupor. The last humiliating consciousness that when you sleep sitting up your jaw drops open. Your inability to feel that it matters. The gentleman in tweeds who informs you loudly that you are almost in Marseille.

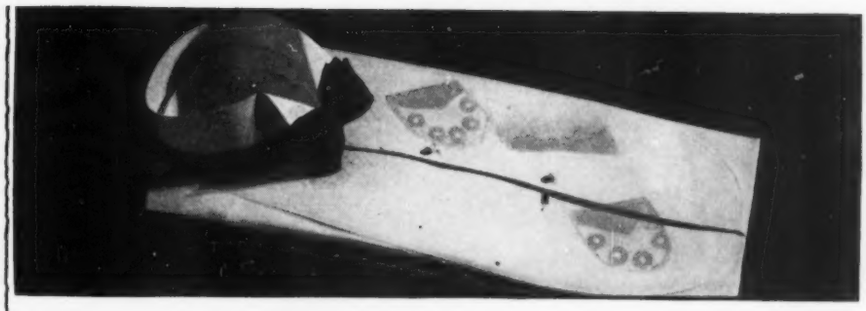
YOUR pious relief at finding your bags on the platform. The cabdriver who looks at you a little doubtfully. The hotel clerk whose expression of pity is not unmixed with terror. The horrid experience of seeing in the lift mirror a ravaged, soot-smudged face you recognize only because the hat is familiar. The arrival of something which is probably the hot water and the hazy conviction that you can wash and see the Cannebière some other time but what you need now is sleep. —ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

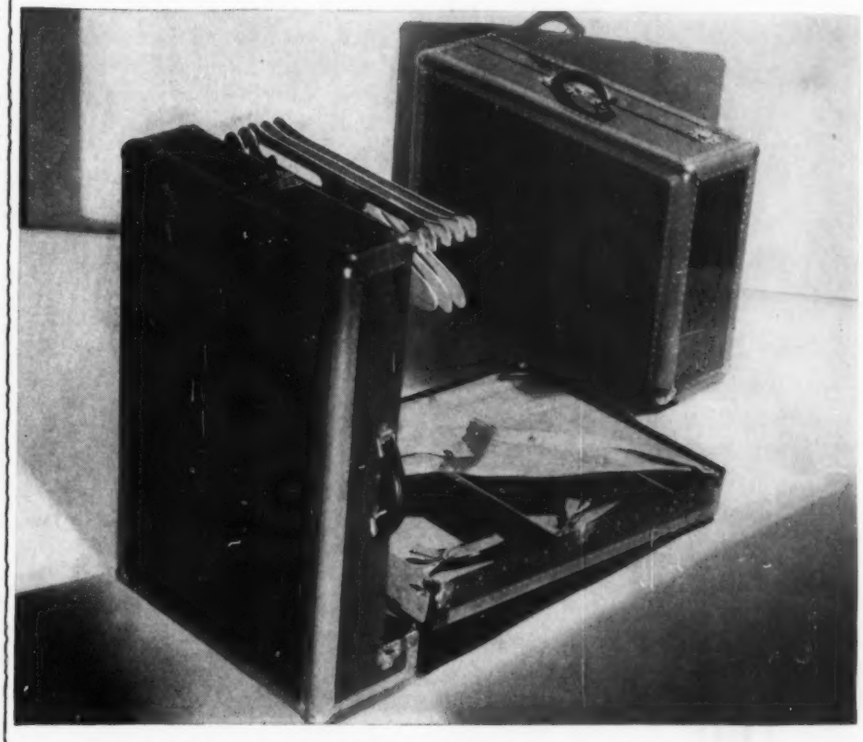
[From the Guidon, a field-artillery publication]

Captain and Mrs. E—— and Captain and Mrs. T—— drove to San Antonio on Wednesday. Mrs. E—— and Captain T—— will remain there for treatment.



FOOTPRINTS ON VACATION SHIRT FRONTS

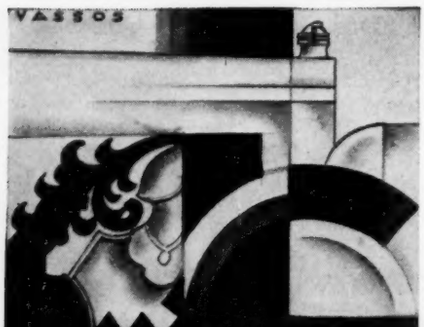
...Now deftly avoided by this smartest of all wardrobe luggage—the "TOUROBE"



HOLIDAY clothes behave...when they travel this modern way. No wrinkles, no mussing...no heel-marked corrugated shirt fronts...no mad melange of neckties, handkerchiefs, socks, shoes and "undies." Everything stays shipshape...ready to put on. Suits and dresses go on hangers — accessories in compartments. All in a case light enough to be carried by hand...small enough to slip in under a pullman berth.

The name of it is the "Tourobe." It is ruggedly built, offered in attractive colors and the price — mind you, it's luggage made by Hartmann—is $25. Others from $20 to $70. Better see it. At your better shops and department stores.

The HARTMANN "TOUROBE" $25



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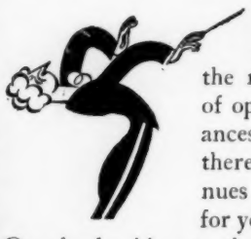
MUSICAL EVENTS

If You Must Have Your Music in the Summer—



DISREGARDING for the moment threats of operatic performances in ballparks, there are three avenues of music open for you this summer. One leads either to the Mall in Central Park or the campus of New York University; the second leads to the Lewisohn Stadium at City College; and the third takes you to Starlight Park, in East 177th Street.

ON the campus and on the Mall, the Goldman Band delivers its familiar melodies with euphony and distinction. On Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday you may find Mr. Goldman directing his men in Central Park. The rest of the week, he discharges his duties on the campus. In either case, it costs you nothing to hear the concert, and if you arrive early enough you can hear it pretty thoroughly. The programs are evolved with malice toward none, with charity for all, and with a shrewd mixture of scholarship and showmanship. Sometimes there are evenings devoted principally to Bach—but not exclusively to the old gentleman; for sooner or later there is bound to be one of those cornet soli. Mr. Goldman lets his customers, if so they should be described, know that Bach was not a bad fellow at all; but if anyone remains unconvinced, there is tossed to him a brassy skyrocket from Mr. Staigers.

Whatever may happen, whether it be Mozart or Moszkowski, the band always "sounds." The Mall and campus settings are not bad (tell me that Nature painted them!) and the Goldman Band concerts really provide an excellent way of whiling away an evening. They are doing what the generous Guggenheim family designed them to do—to entertain and perhaps to enlighten New Yorkers, and the transients who are super-New Yorkers.

POSSIBLY the Stadium Concerts are in the same agreeable mental state as the manufacturers of a shaving soap who announced that they couldn't improve the powder, so they improved

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the box. There is no radical change in the Stadium's music. The Philharmonic-Symphony, minus a few winter residents and plus a few summer visitors, plays in its midsummer mood. Mr. Van Hoogstraten directs almost the complete orthodox orchestral repertoire with a few novelties, such as Ravel's "Bolero" and Janssen's "New Year's Eve," for good measure. Mr. Coates is to be guest conductor, and there will be the usual choral and ballet features. It has been a long time since anyone has bothered to indulge himself critically at the Stadium. Like the Goldman Band concerts, these sessions are primarily for your diversion. If you want to use them as material for home criticism, no one will mind—least of all the industrious Mr. Van Hoogstraten, who doesn't read reviews. If you want a concentrated course in the standard symphonies, here is your opportunity; and if you don't get enough Tschaikowsky in the course of a winter, the Stadium is the place to appease your appetite.

Tschaikowsky, by the way, no longer is sure-fire at the Stadium. At one time, the "Pathetic" Symphony drew as well as a revue under police surveillance. Now, the clientele can take its Tschaikowsky or leave it. Like as not, it leaves it. On the opening night, when Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony (if by any chance you don't know it, don't worry; you've heard most of it in musical-comedy scores) was the second part of the concert, I heard somebody say "Do we have to stay for the symphony?" Four or five years ago, some of them didn't enter the Stadium until it was time for Tschaikowsky. Maybe our audiences are becoming sophisticated. It's about time. That

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as of June 30, 1930

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Other Securities		43,958,510.46
Loans and Discounts		231,669,124.59
Customers' Liability under Acceptances		32,310,002.48
5% Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasury		225,000.00
Accrued Interest Receivable and Other Assets		2,202,932.69
		$500,175,031.74

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Surplus	37,000,000.00	$ 73,775,300.00
Undivided Profits		3,453,817.92
Reserved for Contingencies, Taxes, Interest, etc.		1,937,939.88
Deposits		370,487,139.31
Liabilty as Acceptor, Endorser or Maker on Acceptances and Foreign Bills		45,295,208.77
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Unearned Discount		694,901.26
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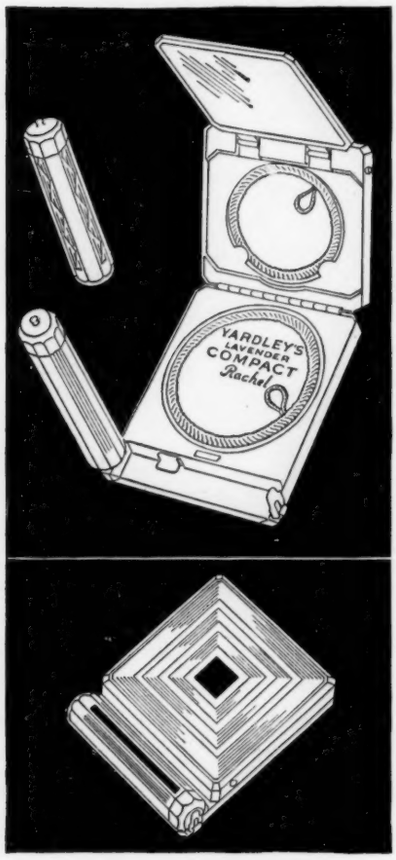
Lipstick

LOSERS



NOTHING more losable than a lipstick. Nothing more annoying than to find you've lost yours. So . . . nothing more welcome to you than this notable innovation by Yardley of London.

For in a smart new triple vanity, Yardley has anchored your lipstick firmly to your compact . . . given you full-sized day and evening lipsticks . . . made them *interchangeable*, so that one comes out, the other goes in, and all is merry as a marriage bell. Powder and rouge and lipstick in a slender, charming case . . . jade-green and silver, with exquisite engraving.

At $3.50, the triple compact includes both lipsticks . . . the natural one for daytime, the vivid or cherry for evening. If you like, you may have the two, boxed together, for $1.50, or separately for 75c each. At your favorite shop.

Yardley's

ENGLISH LAVENDER

goes for the great invisible audience, too.

OH yes—about the changes in décor at the Stadium. There are more field seats, and they are either yellow or blue. As they are all one price, your preferences may be regulated according to your aesthetic vagaries. The vendors of soft, dry mats are more impressive than ever. The orchestra "shell" has been repainted, and the sideboards remodelled. Possibly the echo which bounced about the field for the first few nights has been chased out by one of Mr. Salter's able guardians by this time. A lighting system, dimly reminiscent of the cinemas of the pretalkie era, also is on view. The new trappings aren't important; but the Stadium, as an institution, continues to be the most significant item in our summer music.

THERE has been a bit of opera up at Starlight Park, but the enterprise is still in its incipiency. For one thing, the performances must compete with trains; so until they are moved to a point of more favorable audibility, they cannot prove themselves. The notion of presenting young singers is excellent. The routine is competent —and apparently there is a public for the operas.

Under the circumstances, the Starlight Park management is doing as much as might be expected of it. It is not in the business of staging opera; opera is an added attraction which cannot pay for itself. I fancy, though, that with coöperation from musical foundations, and others who profess to be interested in the development of a more democratic opera, something might be built up from the honest beginnings which have been made near the shooting galleries and the funny mirrors. —R. A. S.

•

Brock Pemberton, who went east last month and who arrived in New York last week, has a job on the New York Evening Mail. He should go far. *Twenty-Years-Ago column of the Emporia Gazette.*

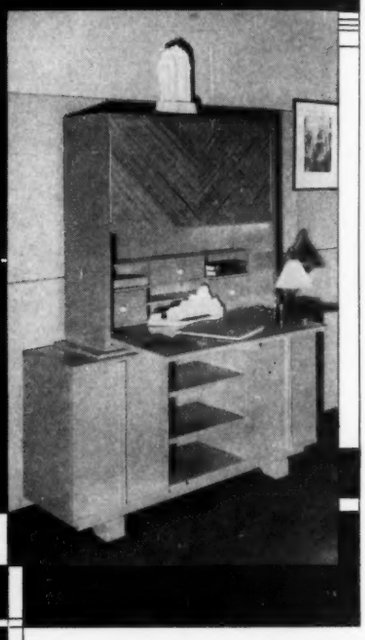
Well—Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.

•

Without wine and beer, three-fourths of all poetry and one-half of all art would have been lost to us.—*Fort Payne (Ala.) Tribune.*

We still think wine and beer are nice, however.

MODERN FURNITURE



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CLOCK

ON the twenty-sixth floor of the Metropolitan Tower in Madison Square, the guide pointed to a door and disappeared. The door was locked. Quite a long while after I had rapped on its glass panels, a pleasant-looking man in clean white overalls opened the door a little way.

"I would like to find out about the clock," I told him.

He frowned a little and said "Are you a clockmaker?"

I shook my head, and he opened the door a little wider, beckoned, and walked away. I followed him into a small room: a curious, mechanical sort of room with the disconcerting sound of electrical buzzing in the air. He hurried past a squared heap of machinery that sat on a steel table, straddled a confusion of slowly revolving gear wheels, and flung up a broad steel shutter that worked in grooves like a window. Then, for the first time, I realized why the room had seemed so queer. I was behind the face of the clock—moving among the works like some infinitesimal midge that prowls through the clicking wheels of a pocket watch.

The floor on which we stood was in reality a platform. Looking down over its edge, I could see the sweep of a great arc below, where the next story would be, and the arc swung up —high against the ceiling—to complete a prodigious circle. That, then, was the dial—and we were peering through a little hole in its centre where he had opened the window: gazing past enormous joints of metal that were the hands swinging on their pivot, down upon the green stain of the Square.

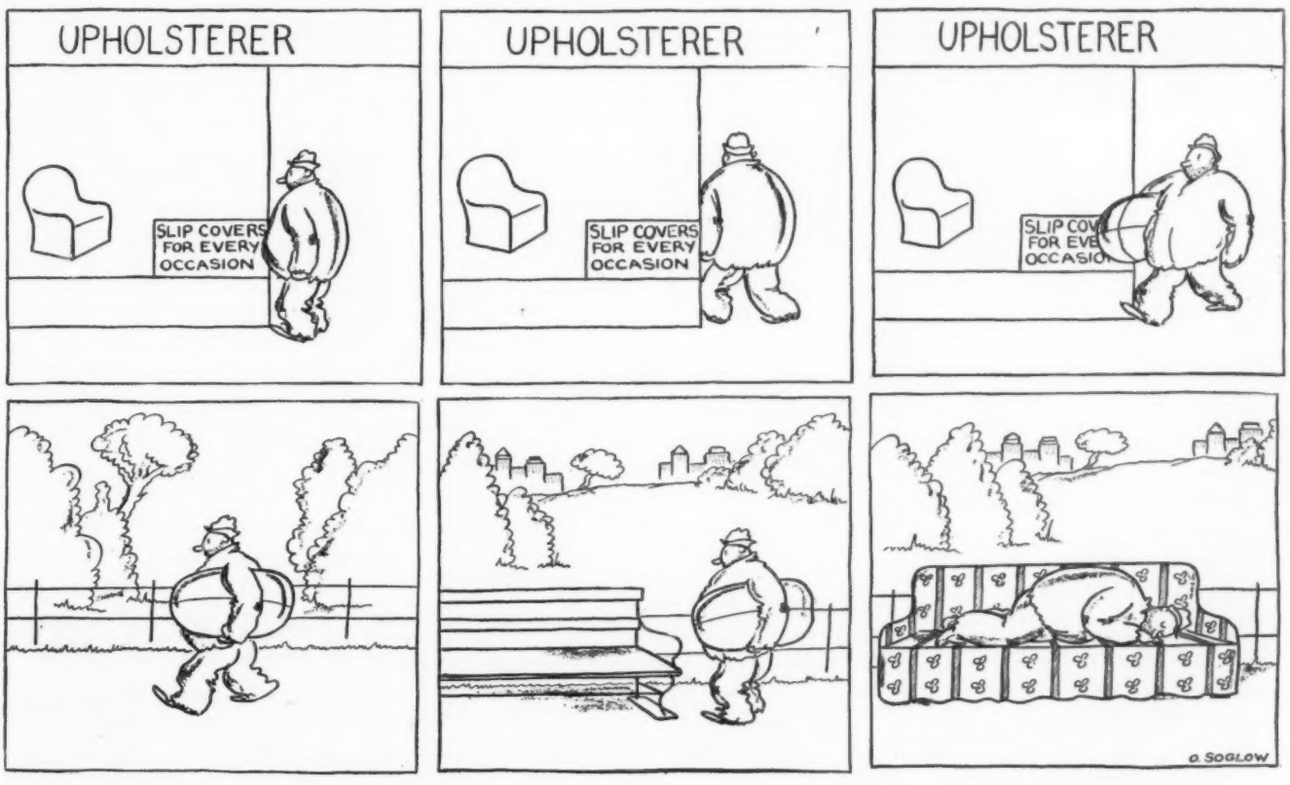
"The minute hand," he said, "is made of iron covered with copper. It is twenty feet long and weighs a thousand pounds. The hour hand weighs seven hundred pounds. They are built to remain firmly fixed in a two-hundred-mile gale.

"We are three hundred and forty-six feet above the ground," he said. "There are four dials like this, and each of them is twenty-six and a half feet in diameter. The numerals are four feet high, and the circles that indicate the minute intervals are ten and a half inches across. You see how the dials are illuminated at night—the figures are cut out of the solid concrete, and the light shows through them from behind. The hands have glass fronts, and chains of electric bulbs inside them."

(His name was Emil Hjarding. He is a graduate of the Copenhagen Technical School, and helped to build the clock in 1910. Since then, his only job has been to take care of it. I am going to tell about the clock in my own way. . . .)

THE room where we were sitting did not, after all, contain the real works of the clock. It was the control room and office of the clockmaster. The timekeeping mechanism, which is known as a mercurial-compensated astronomical clock, is in the directors' room on the second floor and looks like a very handsome grandfather clock, in a case of red mahogany. Electrical devices within the clock-case control the dials on the four walls of the tower, some two hundred and sixty clocks which are distributed through the offices, and likewise the chimes and the lantern signals which flash at night. Every detail of the timepiece is automatically controlled.

Tubes of mercury are counterbalanced with the rod of the forty-pound pendulum. The expansion and contraction of the liquid metal compensates similar expansion and contraction of the pendulum when temperatures change and thus the length of the pendulum stroke is automatically kept uniform. The room in which the clock stands is held at an even temperature, as far as possible. But at rare intervals a sudden change will affect the clock, and then Hjarding is sum-



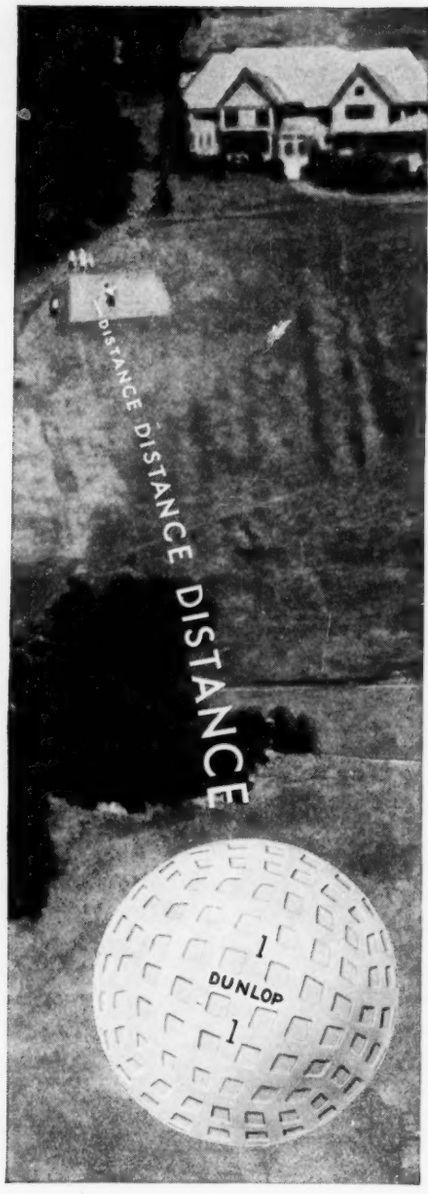
moned from his home to get things right again. This happened one night last February, when a quick drop of twenty degrees caused the clock to lose three minutes in a few hours. Such an error caused consternation, for the clock had not been more than one second wrong in ten years, and it required an hour for Hjarding to make the correction when he arrived.

Normally, however, the clock cannot vary more than one second in twenty-four hours. Once every hour it is wound by electricity, to keep its mainspring at an even tension, and every day at noon its accuracy is checked against the tick from the Naval Observatory at Washington. The longest period that it has run with perfect accuracy is forty-five days. This is unusual. If left alone it would normally gain or lose one second every twenty-one days. Experiments like that are not carried out. At the noon check, the clock is rectified for an error of one-tenth second.

TO move the hands on the four dials of the tower clock, an electric impulse goes out from the master clock every minute. This impulse sets in operation four electric motors of one-twenty-fourth horsepower—one motor in each of the small machine rooms that are located immediately behind the four dials. Through geared mechanisms, these little motors swing the ponderous hands.

But the minute hands of the tower dials do not move from one minute-mark to the next in sixty seconds. They do it in approximately forty-five seconds, and then stand perfectly still until the passage of fifteen seconds begins a new minute. This lapse of fifteen seconds in every sixty takes care of errors in the mechanism which moves the hands. For the mechanism is not expected to be so accurate as the delicately adjusted wheels in the master clock itself. And it is sharply affected by changing temperatures.

A strong north wind, for example, makes the northern face of the tower much colder than the southern face. The electric motor on the northern face speeds up (electric motors run faster when cold). This northern motor, then, speeds the minute hand on the dial from one minute-mark to the next in, say, forty-one seconds. On the southern, warmer face, the motor is slower, and requires perhaps forty-six seconds to swing the hand from one minute-mark to the next. But



A new size Dunlop that drives as far as the old

WHEN you start playing the new-sized ball, be sure you start with the Blue Dunlop. Then you'll get *distance*. A big target, easier to hit—with better lies on the fairway. And a long ball. Just as long as the old-sized ball. That's the outstanding thing about this new-size Imported Blue Dunlop—you get all the new ball advantages and you get distance, too. Ask your pro today.

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BUCKWOOD INN

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then both motors stop altogether and wait until the master clock signals the start of a new minute before informing loungers in the Square that another morsel of their lives has been wasted.

The chimes and the flashing lights at night are also operated by impulses sent out automatically from the master clock.

THIS brings up a problem which has baffled Hjarding for years—indeed, it has baffled the whole world of clockmen. The time is indicated more exactly at night than during the hours of the day. The beacon tells the minutes more precisely than the bells.

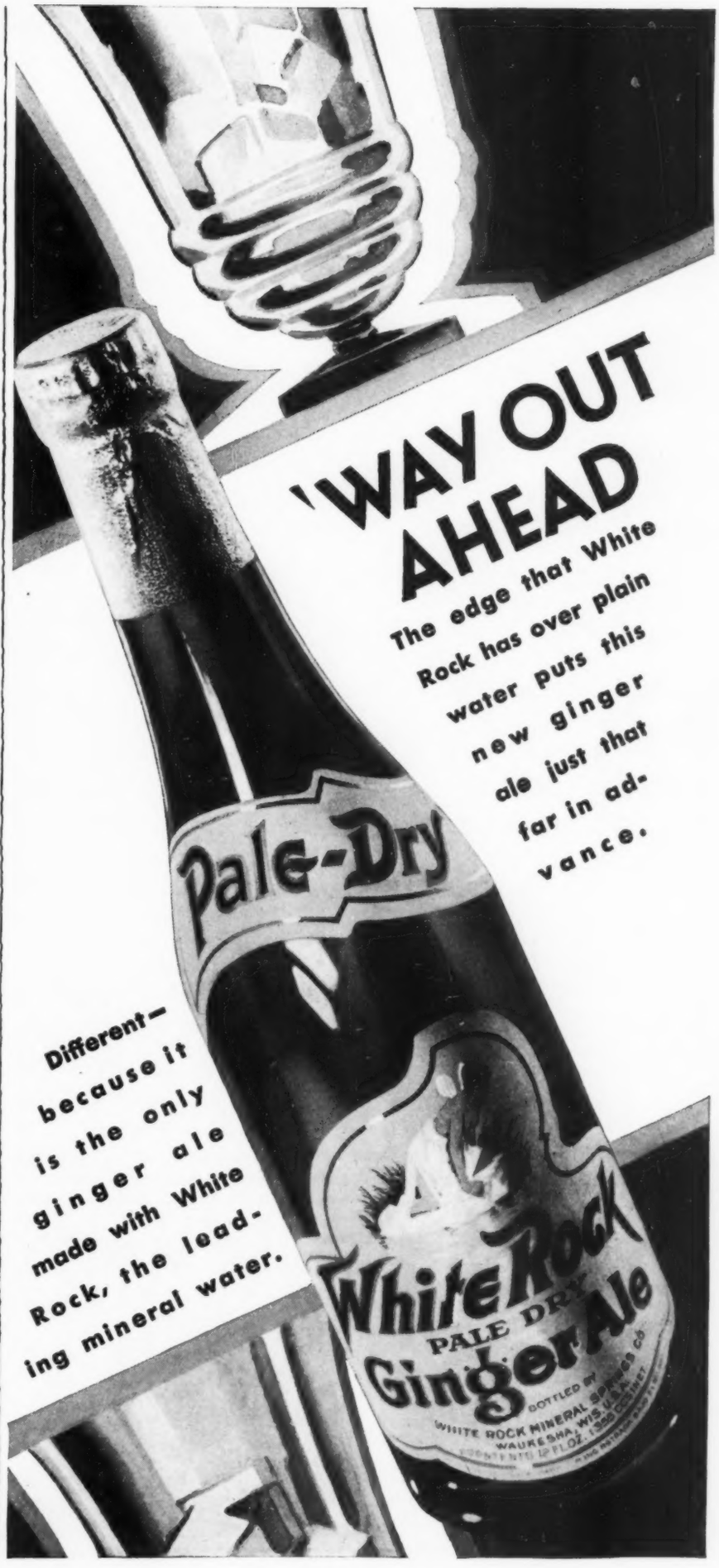
From seven in the morning until ten at night, the chimes are in operation. (Neighbors complained against the all-night ringing, and it was stopped.) They sound the Cambridge melody—generally called Westminster—composed by Handel. The complete melody, sounded before the hour itself, has sixteen notes. It is a tradition of all chiming clocks that the exact second of the hour is indicated by the first stroke of the hour call, and not by the notes of the preceding tune.

Thirty-six seconds are required for the ringing of the full sixteen notes of the chime—and one second is allowed for the slow passage of sound waves to a listener in the farthest corner of the Square. Thus, thirty-seven seconds before the hour, the chimes sound off.

The difficulty arises from the fact that the quarter-hour requires only the first four notes of the melody, the half-hour only eight, and the three-quarter-hour only twelve. Yet, so burdened is the master clock already that special mechanisms cannot be set up to control these variations from the full chime. They have to operate on the same impulse that actuates the full sixteen-note call before the hour.

Thirty-seven seconds before the quarter-hour, then, the first of the four notes rings out. All four are completed in nine seconds. The listener must then count twenty-eight seconds with great care if he would know when the exact quarter-hour arrives.

At night, however, it is much


'WAY OUT AHEAD
The edge that White Rock has over plain water puts this new ginger ale just that far in advance.
Pale-Dry
Different—because it is the only ginger ale made with White Rock, the leading mineral water.
White Rock
PALE DRY
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3 to 5 rooms and 6, 7, 8 or more may be arranged. Large living rooms with open fireplaces, dining galleries, casement windows, concealed radiation (even in baths), complete kitchens with exhaust fans, silent refrigeration, attractive colored baths with 3 cabinets. « « « «

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THE SPOT TO DANCE AND DINE

simpler. A white light burns steadily, with interruptions for red flashes to indicate the time. Whenever the interruptions are done, and the white light returns to its steady burning—that is the split second of the time.

(Hjarding seemed deeply worried when he told me about this mystery. "We've tried everything," he said, "but it's all too complicated. I don't suppose we'll ever really solve it.")

The chimes are four bells of conventional shape, hung in the marble colonnade of the fortieth story. The largest is sixty-nine inches in diameter and weighs seven thousand pounds. Its pitch is B-flat. Two hammers strike it: one, weighing ninety-four pounds, strikes during the playing of the chimes; the other, weighing one hundred and twenty-one pounds, tolls the strokes of the hour. The second bell, E-flat, is fifty-three inches in diameter and weighs three thousand pounds. Its hammer weighs seventy-one pounds. The third, F-natural, weighs two thousand pounds, is forty-six inches in diameter, and is struck by a sixty-one-pound hammer. The smallest, pitched at G-natural, weighs fifteen hundred pounds, is forty-two inches in diameter, and has a hammer of fifty-four pounds.

The hammers strike the bells from the outside, and are moved by an electrical device known as a solenoid. A heavy piece of metal plunges upward inside a wire coil, when the current is automatically turned on by the master clock. The hard, swift movement of the iron core actuates a system of levers which brings the hammers a set distance so that they strike the bell and release instantly.

HJARDING keeps a daily log, in small yellow books, of the behavior of his mammoth charge. During his talk, he frequently referred to it, and to the voluminous correspondence he receives from clockmakers all over the world. The clock is quite a personal thing to him, and though he never gives a sign of affection for it, he seems to care greatly that it be well understood.

The changes incident to daylight saving are something of a nightmare to him. With two assistants, he spends nearly six hours of steady work, moving the hands forward an hour or turning them back. I could not understand very clearly what this labor amounts to, but it is chiefly concerned with intricate electrical controls inside the clock-case. He stops the clock, to begin with, simply by interrupting the motion of the pen-

dulum, but then that is only a beginning. The operations that ensue were too involved for me to understand.

Most of his day is spent oiling, and checking with stopwatches the various mechanisms that operate the big hands. Only once a day—at noon—does he drop in at the second floor to examine the master clock itself. In that he has the utmost confidence, and feels that it would run almost as well if he never looked at it.

He vouchsafed no information as to the worth of the clock. That, he said, was none of his business. He didn't have to pay for it. It will run, he thinks, practically forever, as the wear upon its parts is microscopic.

As I left him, his geniality, which had grown quite warm during the discussion (interrupted now and again with a sigh of disdain—"Why do I tell you all this? You can't understand it. You're not a clockmaker") suddenly lapsed. He still smiled, but his smile was full of cunning and not of friendliness.

"Goodbye," he said. "You needn't think you have any of my secrets, for I wouldn't tell them. No. Other people might use the secrets. Nobody could build a clock like this very easy. We have learned so much in twenty years that we will never tell."

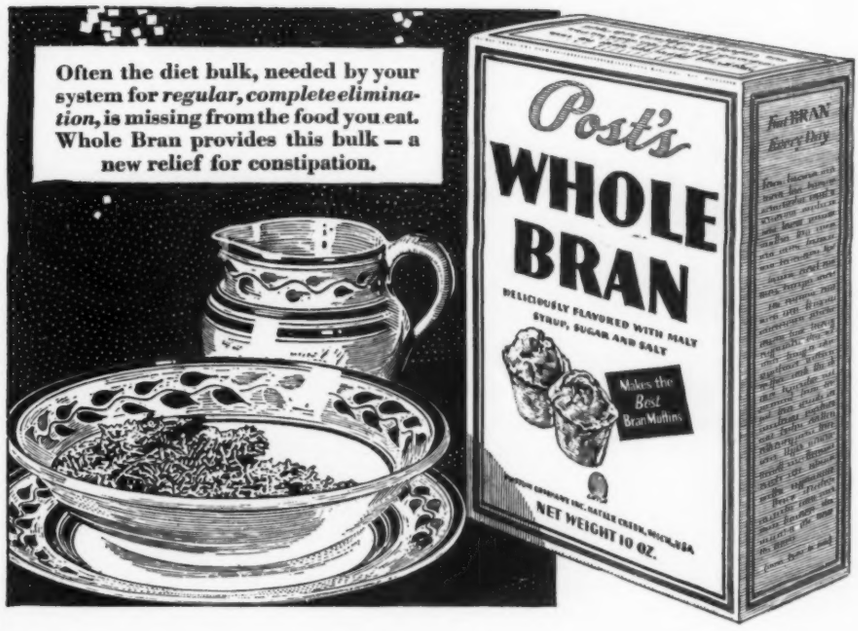
IN the Square, the loafers sat on the benches, gazing up, with the vagabond's eternal passion for the time, at the round, placid dial. The bells boomed out—and I remembered that the solenoids were hammering away—that the switches were crackling—that down in its silent room the master clock was throbbing its way unconcerned along the mysterious path of the fourth dimension. I decided that I could never again look up at that bland face without thinking of the inspired midge, crawling its way deftly among the spinning wheels, bending over its book of hours and with a sputtering pen marking down the words "Nothing new today. The clock was perfect at noon." —MORRIS MARKEY

•

CAUSE AND EFFECT DEPARTMENT

[*From an adv. in the Herald Tribune*]

Watch them at tennis, watch them as their lean brown bodies flash through the water or curve downward from a diving board . . . note the sparkle of health in their eyes as a clean-stroked drive sails down the fairway . . . ride with them beside the sunlit waters of a forest stream. They are sportsmen. They drink "Canada Dry."


Often the diet bulk, needed by your system for *regular, complete elimination*, is missing from the food you eat. Whole Bran provides this bulk — a new relief for constipation.
Post's
WHOLE BRAN
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Makes the Best Bran Muffins
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Here's full strength bran that tastes DELICIOUS

GOOD news for those who need bran bulk in the diet — at last *full strength bran* to relieve constipation has been made into a delicious, easy-to-eat cereal . . . It is Post's Whole Bran and until you try this new, tasty, crunchy cereal, you'd hardly believe *full bulk bran* could be so *good to eat.* Its wonderful flavor tempts you to eat it every day. It is as effective as any full strength bran cereal you can find to clear the system of digestive wastes . . . Now turn over a new leaf and give your system the food bulk it needs, so that cheeks can bloom and eyes can sparkle as the result of *natural* bodily well-being. Start today with Post's Whole Bran as your regular cereal. Eat it with milk or cream. And try it in muffins. It makes the best whole bran muffins you ever ate. The new recipe is on the package. Get all the benefits of *full bulk bran* plus this new, delightful *flavor.*

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Whole Bran. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

Post's
WHOLE BRAN

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

LIKE a somewhat dour mountain goat, leaping languidly from crag to crag, this girl friend of yours has been scuttling around Seventh Avenue, snooping among the best American manufacturers to see what goes on in the way of designing and adaptation in this benighted country of ours. I haven't got around to buying tennis dresses for myself yet, but I had to know what I ought to be wearing around football time. Thus the life of a fashion editor — looking ever onward into the future.

You will be relieved to learn that so far I have not seen radical changes in the general lines of last season, though Paris has not yet been heard from. The skirts are about the same length; the belts are placed similarly; there is molding through the body as of old. There is, however, a subtler, more experienced touch to it all. The circular skirts don't flare so much; the molding is less conspicuously done. As a result, the clothes are infinitely more wearable than they were.

This survey of the infinite variety of detail will be conducted in two—or possibly three—parts. Pott One:

WHEN you stroll into your favorite shop, in search of a magnificent tweed coat or suit to start the autumn with in style, the model which you wistfully consider mortgaging the home for is quite likely to have been designed by A. Beller. The imported tweeds that they use here come in the most marvellous colors this year—a vivid Conté crayon orange with brown flecks through it; brilliant dark blues, without a touch of purple to soften their icy quality; orange reds; brilliant deep greens and soft yellowy gray-greens; yellows; and so on. All the colors are tremendously alive. For coats, they love natural blue fox, but are not above using cross fox, real silver fox, or even —sniff, sniff—dyed fox, according to your own desires. Persian lamb and flat caracul are also accepted socially.

The coats may be belted, fitted, or buttoned across through the middle of the body, and the suggestion of flare toward the hem is the result of expert fitting. They love to do simple dresses of lightweight tweed with coats of a much heavier tweed to match. In suits, they care in a big way for jackets

"If you have ever wandered through fields of lilium superbum on a moonlight night in May you will be able to understand this perfume."

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Kitchenette Model Electrolux has 6.5 sq. ft. of shelf space; makes 36 large ice cubes.

ELECTROLUX was invented in Sweden, but it ought to be a great favorite in Scotland. And not just because of its silence. Oh, no! Electrolux costs only 5 to 10 cents a day to operate. That's why. The reason for this silence and this extreme low cost is that a tiny gas flame and a tiny flow of water do all the work. No machinery is needed, no moving parts at all. And so there's no vibration, no wear. Yet Electrolux costs no more than other makes, size for size—$195 to $430. Liberal purchase terms. See the various models at your gas company's display rooms. And phone VANderbilt 5700, or write us, for complete details. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d St., New York City.

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Silk-Eze does to silk and rayon fibres what cold cream does to your skin. It cleanses and restores the original fresh beauty.

Silk-Eze is easy and economical to use. A tablespoonful to a bowl full (about a gallon) of tepid water makes suds sufficient for washing up to five pounds of garments. It prolongs the life of elastic in bloomers, corsets and brassieres.

Silk-Eze is especially recommended for dull sheer hose because it keeps them lusterless.

Try Silk-Eze, the beauty soap for silk, rayon, wool and elastic, tomorrow.

SILK-EZE Corp.
441 D STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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On the hosiery counter of the better department stores.

that hug the waistline—whether wrapped or belted or fitted—and continue smoothly and snugly downward over the hips, ending in a faint suggestion of a peplum flare just below the widest part of you. Particularly in the rear, this gives an appearance of slimth; a suit of red leda cloth with a Persian lamb stand-up collar is a grand example. This trick appears again on a marvellous four-piece outfit in bright blue tweed. The jacket has a stand-up shawl collar of gray caracul, which on cold days is worn outside the collarless long gray caracul coat that completes the costume.

Beller loves metal-brocade tunics for matrons, to accompany their black broadcloth town suits. He gets whimsical and produces a black cloth dress that has a white satin top, with black kid caracul making a vest inside the loose jacket. For people bored with short evening coats, he runs to velvet or brocade, bloused in back and having drippy, full sleeves. At the rear, the coats descend almost to the floor in a point, and ascend abruptly to the knees in front. Jay-Thorpe like this kind.

THE knitted things that make you waver most helplessly as you promenade past your pet sports department have a way of coming from William Bloom. This house has been one of the ringleaders in creating knit fabrics so like tweeds that you can't tell them apart without close inspection. I always guess wrong, so I have given up guessing at all.

For very simple dresses, with sports necklines and tailored lingerie collars, there is an epidemic of ribbed bands of plain color, four inches deep and just below the waistline. The band not only makes the dress fit beautifully through

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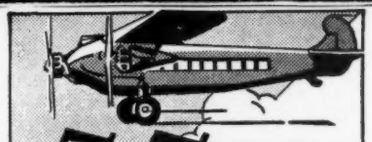

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the middle of you, but also makes it possible to blouse the dress in accordance with your idea of what is becoming. This same plain band, in a color to match the skirt, is also likely to appear at the bottom of gay sweaters accompanying suits. It gives the sweaters the effect of a tuck-in blouse without that trying break across the middle.

There is a tendency, also, to combine tweed in bright colors with jersey that will match exactly. Magnificent versions of this are suits with tweed skirts and jersey jackets. The jacket is lined with brightly striped knit stuff—the stripes arranged crisscross and pieced together ingeniously—which also forms the blouse, and it has the plain band at the bottom just mentioned. The suits come in raspberry with yellow, black, white, and raspberry-striped fabric; in blue with pink and white and black; and in yellow and orange autumnal colorings. Examples may be seen at Bonwit Teller.

As you may have gathered, these colors are alive too. (There are plaid flapper dresses in several shades of green, and things like that, which are loud enough for Clara Bow on a hey-hey-day.)

An inexpensive version of the tweed-and-jersey-to-match idea occurs in a two-piece sports dress for slim people. The tailored skirt has a talon fastener for a way down the rear, and the jersey blouse has silver buttons below the roll collar. In all colors. (Saks-Fifth Avenue.)

Whimsies around here include simple, dashing monograms placed just in front of the hip or in the hollow of the shoulder. In the latter instance, they appear on the bright jersey blouses that accompany knit two-piece suits (or are they tweeds?). Also there is a bright, dark blue jersey dress with a casual sort of handkerchief collar of wool lace in bright blue, bright green, and white. At Bonwit Teller.

NOW, don't you nice, considerate people bother Mr. Bloom and Mr. Beller or storm their doors, because even letters from Charles Lindbergh and Herbert Hoover won't get you in to buy direct. —L. L.

•

HEAVEN FORBID DEPARTMENT

Can furnish 7 to 9 men, with a double of Rudy Vallee that looks and croons the same. Photo upon request. MICKEY PLUCKTER, P.O. Box 381, Perth Amboy, N.J.—*Adv. in the Billboard.*

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And your golf is not as good as you thought it was—

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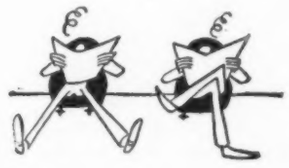

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THE TENNIS COURTS

After Wimbledon—How the French Train—Richards versus Kozeluh

PARIS, JULY 19

THE showing of the American team against the Italians in the Davis Cup interzone finals at the Stade Roland Garros last week was anything but reassuring. To be sure, it would have been extraordinary if there had been no reaction in their play, no letdown in form, after that terrifically hard fortnight at Wimbledon. Yet even so, the scores were far too inconclusive, and there were plain indications that the team had had too much tennis. Whether this condition will right itself, whether it will get better or worse, is impossible to say. Certainly their game was not encouraging for our chances against the French. The Italians were not a first-class team.

Morpurgo is still a tremendous sticker, a fighter with great determination and some beautiful strokes, including a terrifically fast cross-court forehand and a backhand down the line as good as anyone's. He was at his best several years ago, however. Now he is definitely slower and weaker in a five-set match than he was when he used to win with such regularity on the Riviera.

LOTT appeared to be the only man on the American team not surfeited with tennis. His victory over Morpurgo was won in a magnificent manner; perhaps it is the best thing he has done in lawn tennis to date. Incidentally, it was his first victory in France and one well earned.

The first match between Allison and de Stefani was played on a waterlogged court, lasted three hours, and consumed five dozen balls. De Stefani is the only ambidextrous player in first-class tennis. This does not mean that he is a first-class player. He is decidedly second-class; but by shifting his racket to his left hand for all backhand shots he manages, without a service, volley, or smash—with a purely defensive game, in short—to worry many capable opponents. I don't think I'll ever forget the look on Gene Dixon's face when de Stefani was leading 5–1 in the fifth set of that first match. Praise as you

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must Allison's courage, his tenacity, his fight in climbing back to safety as he did, the fact remains that against the Italians he played excessively badly most of the time.

I THINK the long campaign the Americans have gone through since early spring contributed to this slackness. Observe how the French have trained after Wimbledon—almost without touching a racquet. Cochet went to the country estate of a friend, where he merely did a little running to keep fit and amused himself by hunting. Borotra did not play until the Saturday before the challenge round. Two weeks after Wimbledon he went to Düsseldorf, where he appeared in a doubles tournament. Brugnon hardly played at all. The Americans, however, went straight to the courts on arriving from London, one man plunging into ten sets shortly afterward. The others, with Tilden and Karel Kozeluh as adversaries, played strenuous tennis daily.

"*Mais ils jouent comme les pires cochons*," said a Frenchman beside me as Allison and Van Ryn dragged through five weary sets against Morpurgo and Gaslini on the second day of the interzone finals. So they did, too, and one reason may have been their constant practice against Kozeluh. I believe that Kozeluh is perhaps the best player in the world today; but he is not a good trainer. His game has little variety. He seldom attacks as an amateur does, he gives one little real preparation for meeting players like Cochet or Borotra. To my mind the effect of his training was only too evident in the game the Americans displayed; an hour of Vincent Richards in such a case would be worth a week of Kozeluh.

AS you read these lines the results of the challenge round will be filtering across the Atlantic from the packed stands at Roland Garros. May those results result in my complete and irrevocable discomfiture. May they prove me the falsest of prophets. Looking at the two sides dispassionately, however, it is hard to see our chances as being overbright. —JOHN R. TUNIS

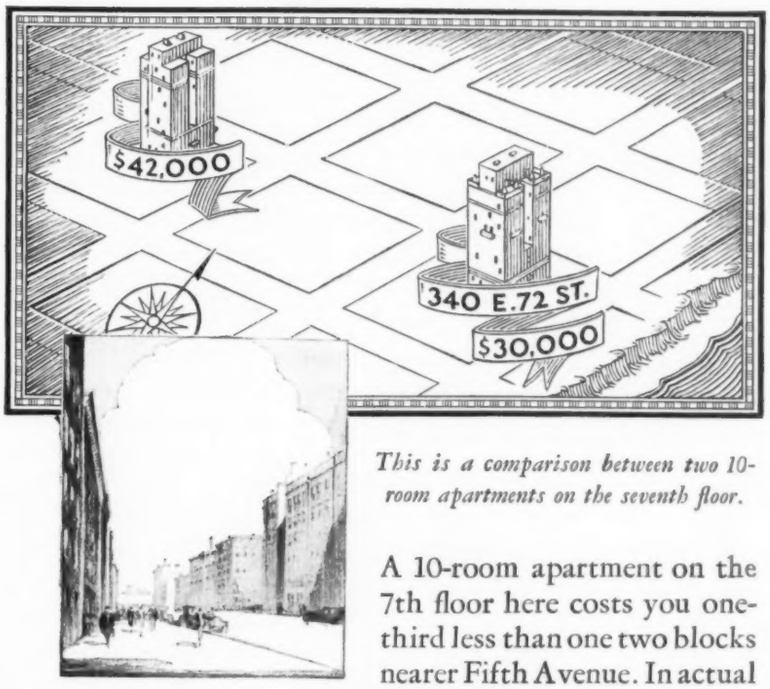
•

THE LYRICAL PRESS

There is still no news of the party of Jews who left Portobello on Sunday.—*Manchester Guardian.*

But we choose to think that they did not sink, and will turn up for work on Monday.

How to save $12,000:



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The "residence" column of our register resembles nothing as much as an unalphabetized gazetteer, and we try our best to see that everyone is made to feel as comfortable as though he were at home.

Maybe that's the reason. At any rate, folks keep coming back to The Benjamin Franklin, and when they get home to Albuquerque or Saskatoon, or wherever they live, they tell the rest of the world about our hotel.

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BOXING

Lightweights Spotlighted —First-Round Nocturne

AS the new lightweight champion, Al Singer has a chance to make his class popular again. It is a class that could stand a little popularity. Looking around the Yankee Stadium on the night of Singer's brief activity with Sammy Mandell, you could see dark spaces of unoccupied seats—the medium-priced seats. The ringside was full, as it always is, and the cheap bleachers were a solid terrace of shirtsleeves and excited faces, but the customers who were expected to occupy the grandstand sections allotted between these social extremes, that great body of moderately prosperous sports-followers whose attendance promoters depend on for their profits, had stayed at home. I don't think they had sworn off going to fights because they were tired of seeing fouls. They were simply indifferent to anything that might happen to Mandell, who kept the title too exclusively in Rockford, Illinois, and its suburbs to become a drawing card around here.

SINGER'S tactics against Mandell were the same that he used in his last fight with Fernandez, except that in that fight Fernandez got up and went the limit after being floored by a left hook in the first exchange of blows. Mandell got up too, got up again and again with the dismayed, expressionless face of a man to whom something bad is happening which his mind is only partly able to grasp, the sort of look you see on a suspect who is brought into a police station for questioning after having been beaten up by a cop.

Two minutes earlier, Joe Humphries had been presenting the slender, boyish Mandell as the champion who had held the title for four years, who had always fought clean—a routine introduction which nevertheless had an accent premonitory of the result, as though describing something that was already over. Everyone felt better when the period of crazy punches and the shock-drunk evolutions of Mandell ended and he lay flat on his back, a smear of blood on his mouth in odd contrast to his jet-black hair, his glazed eyes staring sightlessly up past the lights into the summer night. —N. B., JR.

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PAPER DRINKING CUPS?

I CALLED this meeting this afternoon on my own hook, without authorization of F. W., because he's so busy getting ready for the European good-will trip that I didn't want to bother him unnecessarily. So I took the responsibility on my own shoulders.

Now you all know how conditions are. Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, branching out in the foreign field just at the same time when we may have a little difficulty on account of the tariff. So the European business may not be so good right away. Not as good as we hoped for, because I understand those dumb foreigners are taking it as a personal insult that we had to protect ourselves on the tariff question, and they say France and the rest of them aren't going to buy American products because they want to get even. But anyhow F. W. is going abroad to kind of counteract that feeling with good-will.

And so after we've spent some money sounding out the European market for Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, paints and varnishes, why naturally we have to cut down expenses temporarily. Right now there aren't going to be any changes in personnel. Not any to speak of, that is. But we're not hiring. We're doing everything to trim overhead to the bone. So entirely on my own responsibility I am going to put it up to you how we can cut out expenses here and there.

I HAVE been doing a little research work on the matter myself, and just to show you what kind of expenses I mean, I'll tell you two things I discovered are costing the firm quite a bit of money. Doesn't seem like much day by day, but like most things runs into money in a year. The matter of drinking cups, for instance. Do you know what the paper drinking cups in this office alone—not counting the A and B factories—do you know how much they cost the office last year? Four hunnern eight-ty-five dollars and some cents last year alone.

And paper towels practically the same amount—maybe a little more. Now there's around a thousand dollars a year. Not wasted, of course, because everybody likes to wash his hands before going out to lunch at the noonday hour. And of course when a man wants a drink of water, he wants a drink of water, and it's

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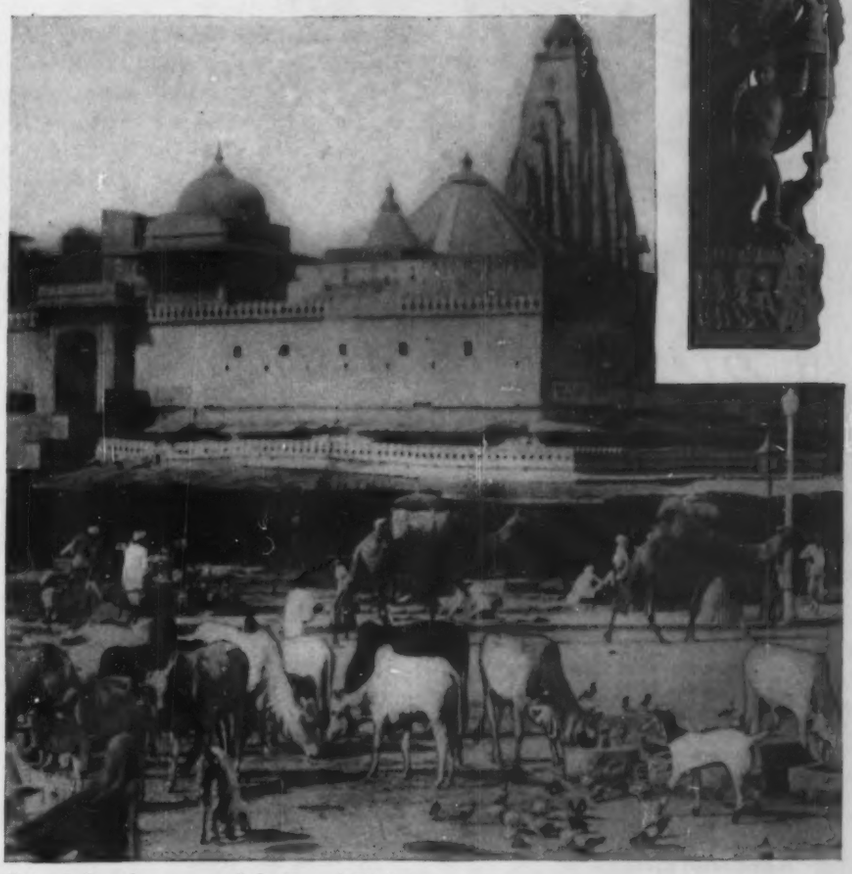

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good business to let him have that drink of water.

But there's no use spending a lot of money unnecessarily when you don't have to. So I am putting it up to you this way. Which would you rather have: paper drinking cups or paper towels? I'll explain that question and then put it to a vote. About drinking cups, first. Well, we can install a good A-number-one drinking fountain in the men's washroom and the ladies' restroom and save—let me see—roughly three hundred a year. *Or* we can install one of those drying machines that dry your hands by air and save around the same amount of money.

I TALKED it over with the owners of the building and they said well, if we would bear the cost of installation—cost of the drinking fountain, and plumbing, and replacing tiles, et settra—they wouldn't put in an extra water meter, because—as I pointed out to them when I talked it over—why we wouldn't use any more water than we're using now, so it wouldn't cost them any more money. As a matter of fact we might use less water, because when you have a drinking fount you don't lean over drinking the water all the time, whereas on the other hand I've seen people drinking out of a paper cup and at the same time leaving the water run. So we could install the drinking fount and save money.

The thing to dry your hands by air would cost a little less in the long run than the water fountain, but it runs by electricity and of course Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, pays the

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office electricity bill. So by the time you get the bill paid I guess the thing to dry your hands would cost as much as the water fountain.

THAT gives you the idea of what kind of expense economization can be done around the office. A lot of you men may have other ideas on the same order, and so I am offering a prize of one day's pay to everyone who thinks up an idea that we finally decide to adopt. One day's pay; and that goes for everybody, whether your salary is fifty dollars a day or three, like a typist's. That's only fair, because the fifty-dollar man's time in thinking up an idea is worth more than a typist's. Anyhow, that's the prize, and if you have any ideas, write them out and put them in the Suggestions Box under the office bulletin board. The prizes will come out of the office contingency fund. I hope to be able—ha, ha—to hand out an extra day's pay to every member of the staff. Mr. Cleary, you oughta be able to use fifteen or twenty dollars now that you're engaged. . . . Oh, I read about your engagement in the *Herald Tribune*.

So now let's have a vote on the paper-towels-versus-drinking-cups question, and after that we'll—ha, ha—rack our brains for some economization ideas. —JOHN O'HARA

•

RIVER NIGHT

Up and down the river
The barges go;
Whether moons are yellow,
Whether stars flow
Softly over city,
Softly over town,
Sleepily the barges
Go up and down.

Up and down the river
On summer nights
The barges drift,
And emerald lights
And crimson prick
The darkness under
Blown-out stars
And gathering thunder.

Up and down the river
The barges go,
Up and down the darkness
River-winds blow.
And sleepers in a city
And sleepers in a town
Dream of the barges
Going up and down.

—FRANCES M. FROST

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THE RACE TRACK

Questionnaire Answers Another—Whips —Getting It Back, or the New Racket

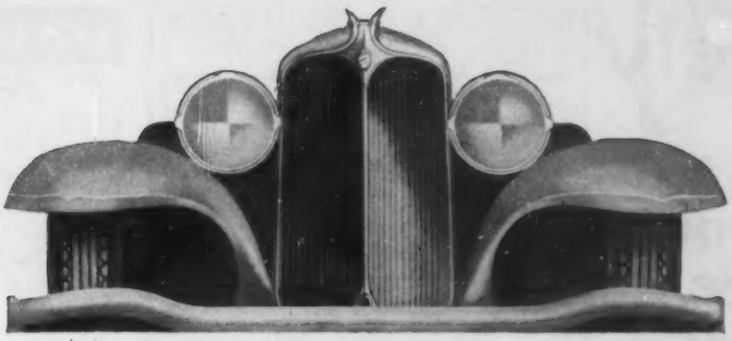
BREEDING good horses is not a matter of geography. There! I've signed the sentence of my banishment from Kentucky. I am thinking of Questionnaire, who was bred by James Butler at his East View Stud—you may see the broodmares and foals in the paddocks any morning or afternoon if you drive slowly enough along the Saw Mill River Road. Questionnaire is not as good a colt as his sire, Sting (also foaled in Westchester County, who as a three-year-old won the Metropolitan and Suburban Handicaps, and then was beaten a nose by Mad Play in the Brooklyn after breaking down and finishing on three legs) but he was good enough to win his second handicap at Empire City last week.

Although he carried five pounds more than when he met Flying Heels the week before, and won by a head, he came home by five lengths, thereby proving Mr. Vosburgh right again. It was a pretty race for six furlongs, but Questionnaire outstayed Flying Heels fairly and squarely, and the result never was in doubt in the stretch. For some of the way Flying Heels was going the better but his stamina gave out, for he does not stay more than a mile in comfort. So Questionnaire will have nothing to fear from this quarter—or any other, for that matter—when he appears again in the Empire City Derby this weekend.

THE epidemic of close finishes continued at the little track beside the reservoir last week: one afternoon there were six. Quite naturally the races were marked by the free use of the whip. Whether the whalebone is necessary to win races depends upon the horse, but much more on the man riding that horse. Not everyone can use a whip correctly, for it is not an easy matter to administer punishment when a race horse is travelling at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. Of course, there are cases where the use of the whip is necessary with sluggish animals. Mere flogging, however, haphazard and at random, only unbalances the horse and the horseman's temper. Fred Archer once said: "I may have won a few races with the whip, but I have lost a great many more by using it." Out in Kentucky, I believe, every race resounds with whip-swishings to prove to the crowd that everybody is trying.

BY winning the Arlington Cup at John Hertz' track at Chicago last Saturday, Ed Bradley's Blue Larkspur for the second time displayed superiority over the best older horses. It may be recalled that he won the Stars and Stripes Handicap at Arlington a fortnight before. In the Cup, after a thoroughly interesting race, he went to the front half a mile from home, and easily warded off the challenges of Petee-Wrack and Toro, the runners-up.

Horses run into the big money so quickly that the big stables must carry certified accountants. Blue Larkspur has won two hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars, and the master of Idle



WALTER P.

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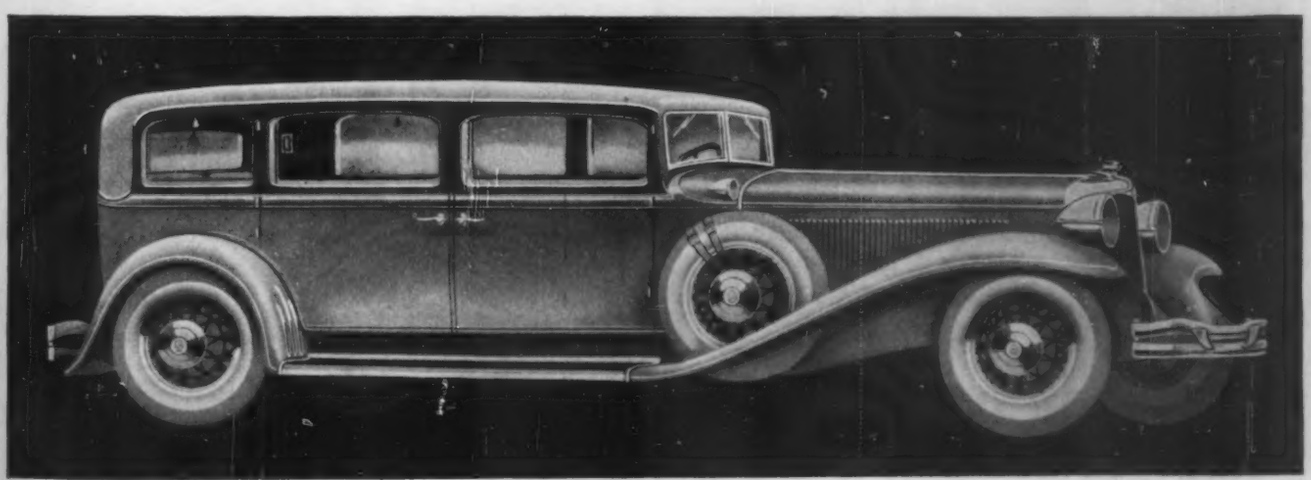

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Hour and the Beach Club will run him again this weekend in a thirty-five-thousand-dollar race. If Blue Larkspur wins he will pass Gallant Fox on the money-winners' list.

ONE afternoon last week two of our leading purveyors of alcohol confided to me that they had discovered how to beat the races. They said that each of them had gone for forty grand that afternoon—they did not know how much they were losers on the season, but it was plenty—so they had given the matter some thought. They would buy some horses, second-class selling platers, and would do as had been done to them. Whenever their friends or business associates asked them for a tip, they would disclose their information provided the interested person would bet a thousand in their favor. They had the jargon of the hustlers—which is as old as racing itself—pat, and will probably succeed in their sideline.

It seems to me (a little chills-and-fever music, please, Professor, while old Audax Minor moralizes) that most horseplayers would rather bet their bank rolls on the paddock whisper that "They've wakened up So-and-So and he's going today, and the other trainers are betting on him, and Moxie, the Dice Cheater, is laying the favorite" than back a horse on his form. There are times when even the most experienced racegoer does not know what to make of things. I don't think, though, there are a quarter as many races prearranged—shall we say?—as you think.

THE MORNING LINE: Mack Garner's split with the Ziegler stable dates back to the defeat of Spinach at Aqueduct. . . . Vander Pool had colic, a cough, and no luck. . . . James Butler watches the races from his private stand, the upper porch of the administration building. . . . The outside-men flash the changes of prices in the percentage of the odds. . . . George Cassidy favors the stall gates—but the stewards do not. . . . Ed Bradley is having improvements made on his streamline wind-splitter blinkers. . . . And we think that opening the Saratoga meeting in the middle of the week is . . .

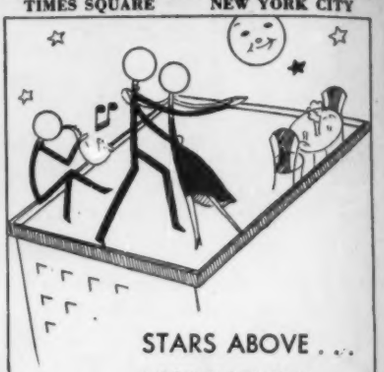
—AUDAX MINOR

•

A slender, rarely lovely woman, hair wound cornet-wise around her head.—*The Telegram.*

Sure, like a trumpet vine.

Hotel Astor
TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK CITY



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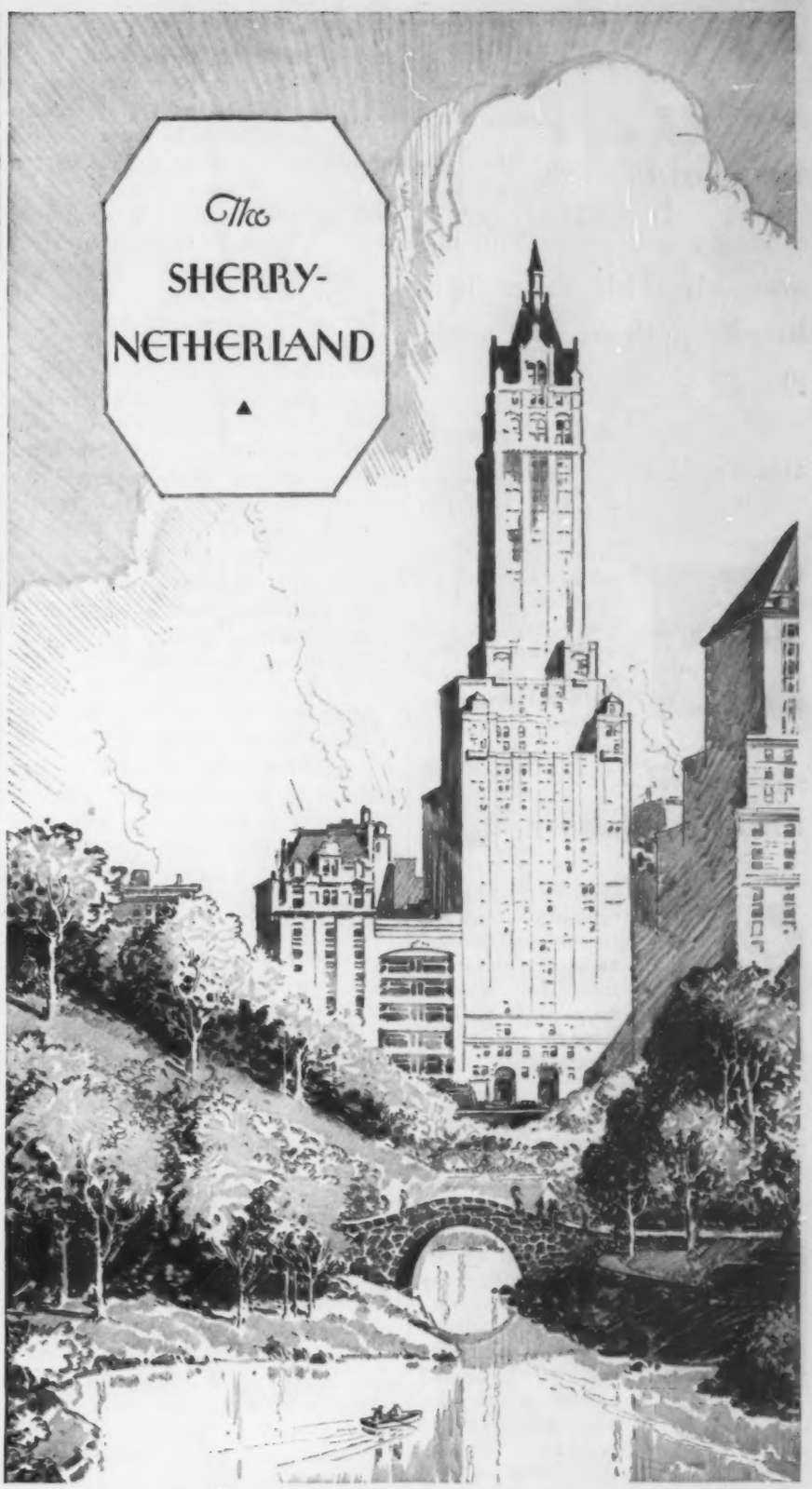
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Weekly Crime Wave —Musical and Spanish

BEGINNING with a glimpse of the Bridge of Sighs (New York, not Venice) and ending with a view of Sing Sing in the rain, "For the Defense" is a comprehensive little sketch of the varied fields of activity which lie between those goal-posts. There are scenes in the Court of General Sessions, a glimpse of the lineup in Police Headquarters, any number of scenes in the long, gaunt corridors behind courtrooms, one or two views of cells and of those forbidding little rooms where prisoners await their summonses to appear before the judge and the jury. Thrown in too, for good measure, are basement speakeasies and the furtive rooms behind speakeasies—much of the geography of the city's criminal life, in fact. All of this centres around the personality of a lawyer, such a sort of shyster lawyer as the city knows well, according to cynics; a lawyer expert in the tricks and wiles of winning a criminal's freedom, by bribing of the jury or otherwise, a lawyer whom every crook ought to know—a part played with high excellence by William Powell.

Though this movie ranks in the category of underworld pictures, there are no holdups in it, no conferences of gangsters, no riots, indeed no noise. It's as quiet and suave a piece as a drawing-room comedy. Much of this quality is due certainly to Mr. Powell's performance. Whether he plays a gambler on the Rothstein order or a lawyer for crooks, as in this case, he is quiet about it, quiet and polite. He doesn't have to create a disturbance to suggest that his means of livelihood (in his screen part) are hardly legal. Here, too, the same suggestion of ease is borne out by Kay Francis as the girl in the story.

THIS story, though it is handled well, is probably the weakest part of the picture. It's the gallantry theme, that business of sacrificing all for the sake of a woman's good name, but in this case complicated somewhat by details of the situation and rendered



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FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

as it was in the beginning

	HITS	ERRORS
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it is now and ever shall be, smashing hit after hit, knocking them for gools at

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sam goldwyn uses ronnie colman as "raffles" to pilfer the public . . . in exchange for very good entertainment, of course

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where pathe's "holiday" continues as customers' take vacations from hot streets to watch philip barry . . . well screened

the paramounts

where there's "the sap from syracuse" . . . and many others—who enjoy seeing jack oakie break records for the broad standing grin. at the organs in new york are the crawfords . . . in brooklyn . . . earl and elsie—something should, come from all this.

luxurious and comfortable,

these are

publix theatres

mature by Oliver H. P. Garrett's informed and sensible treatment.

"WILD COMPANY" also presents the underworld, but it develops toward the end into a definite sermon to parents. Parents don't fare very well in this treatise. They are to blame, it seems, for their young progeny going to night clubs and getting in with gangsters and cabaret entertainers. They are lax, we are lectured, because they either don't want to be bothered with their little ones or are so fond of them that they can't resist any request the youngsters make—in the way of pocket money or cars. In this case the son and heir of the big man of the town gets involved in a murder and holdup, innocently of course. The point may be true, though I think the parents might blame their own parents for their weaknesses, and so on back to Adam; but true or not, this morality movie is no display of talent.

AMONG the other allurements there is "Hell's Island," which is about the Foreign Legion and warfare with the Riffs, and naturally about the French penal colony too. We have some pictures of sand in this movie—Sahara sand it is supposed to be—with the sun upon it. The sand scenes are very nice. There are also two soldiers—friends, comrades, pals—who get in a row over a girl. They all manage to get from Africa to New Guinea, and then there is the usual escape from the Island. The sand is the best part of the picture.

THE musical offering of the week, dubbed moderately enough "One Mad Kiss," is a temperate little thing, laid in Spain, about a bandit and his dancer girl friend. I suspect that this film is intended for the Spanish trade and is here in town only *en passant*. I hope it brings some pleasure to the environs of the Escorial, if it hasn't done much for the followers of the Cameo. —J. C. M.

•

Mrs. Florence Moehl of New Haven took the witness stand in the Middlesex probate court at East Cambridge yesterday afternoon in an interesting role, for her husband is the father of a young wife who is suing her son for a divorce. Therefore she is step-mother and mother-in-law of the young wife, grandmother of the child involved as well as the step-grandmother, and she appeared as a witness against her husband's daughter.—*Boston Herald.*

We will leave you with this.

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44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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THE GREEN PASTURES
PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

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"Amazingly successful play"—*Sun*
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SAM H. HARRIS
THEA. 42nd ST. W. of B'WAY.
EVS. 8:50 MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

The Theatre Guild Presents
THE NEW GARRICK GAIETIES
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

11th MONTH
Brock Pemberton Presents
Strictly Dishonorable
Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges
with TULLIO CARMINATI
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton
This attraction never at cut rates
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"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
A Universal Picture. Presented by Carl Laemmle
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MAJESTIC THEA. 44th St. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
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in
ARTISTS AND MODELS
George Hassell Vera Pearce Mary Adams
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LEXINGTON
LOEW'S
July 26, 27, 28, MARIE DRESSLER & POLLY MORAN in "CAUGHT SHORT;" July 29 & 30 "SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD"; July 31 & Aug. 1 "MEN ARE LIKE THAT" with Hal Skelly.
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The things that contribute to fineness in living are so completely epitomized in The Chatham at Vanderbilt Avenue and 48th Street, that an announcement of apartments available on lease is of interest. We can now accept a limited number of new leases for apartments of from 2 to 5 rooms. The details may be had from Mr. Frank Smith, Manager, telephone Volunteer 5400. Mr. Lou C. Wallick, President.

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PARIS LETTER

Paris, July 16

The June season of 1930 will be remembered as the greatest fancy-dress-ball season of all years; masquerades were given which in other centuries might have made their way into memoirs but which will now probably only land in light literature. In Paris, where entertaining has long been an art—and was, as much as war or wit, one of the civilizing French forces in Europe—parties have always been taken seriously, even by those who weren't invited. Those the Duc de Saint-Simon went to a few hundred years ago filled twelve volumes; while the Pilgrims were still settling on Plymouth Rock, the Duc was stepping it at Marly or Versailles, in châteaux where each room was specially decorated for the night—one for maskers, one for musicians, one for actors, and so on—through which the hostess moved "with a politeness, a gallantry and liberty as if she had naught to do with it all. One diverted one's-self extremely nor did one leave till after eight in the morning."

The parties just given in Paris were not so ultra-modern as Saint-Simon's, nor so elegantly *démodé* as those for which Boni de Castellane rented the entire Bois de Boulogne to receive his guests, and Paul Poiret, the other fabulous prewar host, dressed an actor in seed pearls, served a thousand litres of champagne, and three hundred hen lobsters, to divert his friends at his great "Arabian Nights" fête. The 1930 Parisian parties, however, by being unusually frequent, fantastic, and mostly foreign, were remarkable for representing the true spirit of their time.

One of the largest masquerades was given by Miss Elsa Maxwell and the Honourable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, to which everyone was bidden to come dressed like someone everybody else knew—at least by sight; Miss Maxwell, for example, going as Monsieur Briand and Mrs. Reginald Fellowes as a *préposée du vestiaire*. Jean Frank went as the Comtesse Charles de Noailles; Stanislas de La Rochefoucauld as Madame Marthe Letellier, the famous beauty; and Chanel did a land-office business generally, cutting and fitting gowns for young men about

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Evening in Paris Perfume and other toiletries are sold by all leading department stores and drug stores.

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town who appeared as some of the best-known women in Paris.

Probably the most ethereal and beautiful of all was the White Ball, given by Mr. and Mrs. Pecci-Blunt. (Mrs. Pecci-Blunt is the niece of the late Pope Leo XIII.) At the White Ball guests fancy-dressed or not; they merely had to wear something white. The most acclaimed entrée was made in fabulous white-plaster masks and wigs concocted by Jean Cocteau and Christian Bérard.

A third party, in exquisite settings, was given by the Caen d'Anvers in his country place at Champ. According to legend this château, which belonged to the Pompadour, fell by loot to the lot of the Revolutionary drummer who beat for the heads to fall from the guillotine. Being popular, he was able to prevent his new property from being pillaged, so it has remained intact, supposedly the only perfectly furnished courtesan's house of the epoch.

A FURTHER feature of June was a series of formal balls given in turn by various Rothschilds—the Barons Eugène, Maurice, Robert, and Henri—which might have led to the season's being called Rothschild Week had not Paris more brightly referred to it as *la Semaine Sainte*.

Another important and exquisite masquerade was given by Drian at his country mill, the subject being Louis XV shepherds and shepherdesses, a dainty group enlivened by the appearance of a lone but witty wolf in black pajamas, as sheep's clothing.

THE second party inspired by Miss Elsa Maxwell was that of Señor and Señora Alvaro Guevara, the former Meraud Guinness. It was an As-You-Were-When-the-Autobus-Called party, owing to the fact that the guests, warned that a charabanc would call for them at no specified hour, were to come in whatever attire was theirs when the chauffeur tooted his horn. Cocktails were served in the charabancs to the guests outside waiting for the guests inside to finish being as they were when the chauffeur tooted his horn. Another unusual item about the party was that the moment the assembled guests reached the studio in Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, the electric lights blew out.

Among the artfully unfinished costumes was that of one guest who had exactly one side of her face made up, a gentleman clad in shaving soap and a hotel towel, and several ladies in half-fastened skirts. The Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, accustomed both to the

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Café du Dôme and the Grande Chaumière, the great life-class atelier of Montparnasse, is still discussing the charabanc party.

PERHAPS one of the most agreeable parties, from the viewpoint of the guests, was that of the Duchesse Clermont-Tonnerre, since it was given in the old-fashioned manner—primarily to amuse the hostess. It was also unusual in the recent round of Parisian parties in that it was given by a French woman and featured only good food and good friends. Among the latter were Miss Dolly Wilde in the habiliments of her uncle, Oscar Wilde, and looking both important and earnest; Miss Natalie Barney, the *amazone* of Remy de Gourmont's letters, as a *femme de lettres;* and the Princesse Violette Murat, who led in a Harlem wedding party as mother of the bride.

THE most calculatedly dazzling of the soirées was given by Jean Patou, the guests being largely Italian, British, and American, and the decorations silver. To obtain the desired effect, the garden was roofed over, and not only were the walls and low ceiling laid with silver foil but also as much of the trees as was left visible, trunks, branches, even the twigs, being wrapped in silver paper; and from the metalled boughs hung silver cages, as tall as a man, harboring overstuffed parrots as large as a child. One of the attractions was the Whispering Baritone, Jack Smith, who swept out after vainly whispering against the noise of illuminated fountains, electric ventilators, and friendly guests seated, as at a night club, at different tables.

The second attraction was three small lion cubs, led in by lion-tamers in flowered shirts and imposing breeches; the cubs were then given as grab-bag prizes to guests who, as the story says, may not have wanted but drew them.

ON lions, wolves, shepherdesses, and charabancs the Paris season thus formally closes. Everyone is now supposed to leave town. Of the city's three million inhabitants, several thousand probably will. —GENÊT

•

Like in George Bancroft's last picture "Ladies Love Brutes," there is a kidnapping, but in this case it is more plausible than in the Bancroft film.—*The Times.*

If less grammatical.

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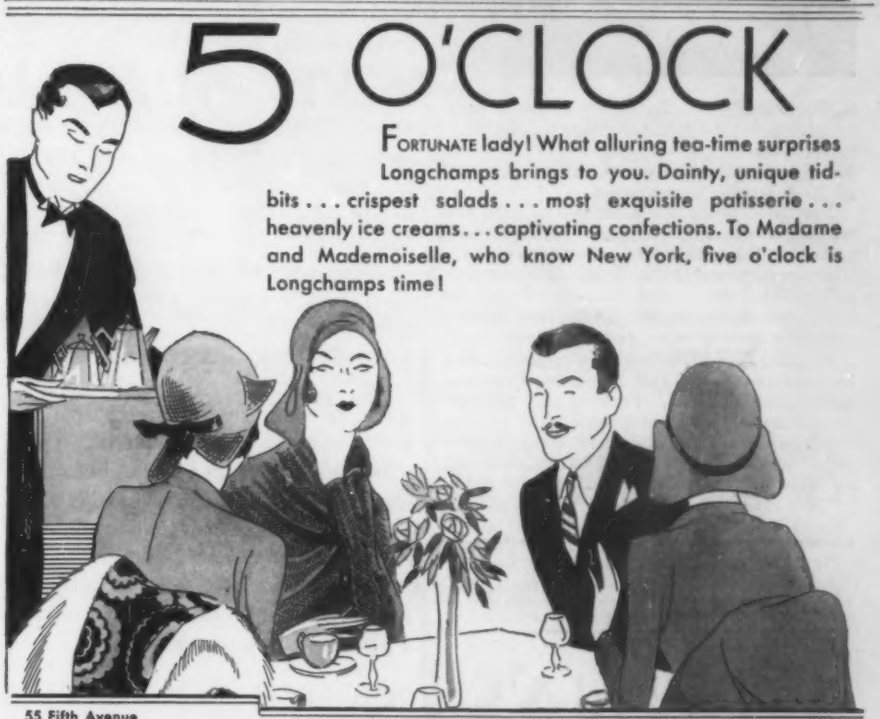
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FORTUNATE lady! What alluring tea-time surprises Longchamps brings to you. Dainty, unique tidbits . . . crispest salads . . . most exquisite patisserie . . . heavenly ice creams . . . captivating confections. To Madame and Mademoiselle, who know New York, five o'clock is Longchamps time!

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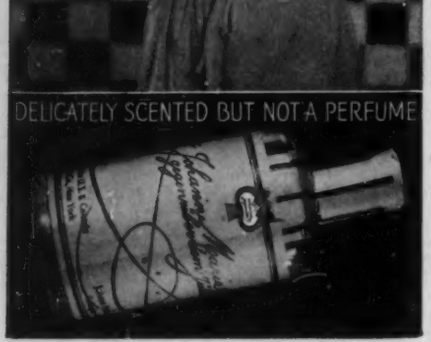

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At all good toilette goods counters. But be sure to ask by full name for "Farina's Red Crest Cologne," because any product so old and so good is bound to be copied. Glass bottles, $1.00 and $2.00 sizes. Wicker bottles, $1.75, $3.00 and $6.00 sizes. Sole Distributor for U. S. A., Geo. Borgfeldt & Co. 111 E. 16th St., N. Y. C.

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RECENT BOOKS

Doctoring the English— Youth in Norway — Rackets at Home

IN "Doctor Serocold," Helen Ashton has set for herself an ambitious plan. The novel is a day in the life of an English country doctor, beginning before dawn with the death of his partner and ending, at midnight, with the birth of a baby. In between, Miss Ashton takes you on the daily rounds of a doctor and gives you the drama of a dozen novels. This, as you can see, is a difficult stunt and Miss Ashton may be pardoned because her stories must be told in the form of mental wanderings and reminiscences on the part of Dr. Serocold. The stories are the small tragedies and romances of a little town, but the interpretation is Dr. Serocold's.

The Doctor himself is a splendid full-length portrait; he has honesty and integrity of character. What I particularly like is that Miss Ashton never allows him to become sentimental. She gives a saving note of irony to her picture of the man by showing that, like the most fidgetty of his patients, he is needlessly worried over his own health and that, also like his patients, he cannot follow his own prescriptions for plenty of "sleep, exercise, and fresh air."

Miss Ashton writes without affectation; hers is a clear, direct, and amiable style. She also has had considerable medical experience herself, which of course accounts for her really splendid description of a mastoid operation. And it also explains how she knows so well what passes through the mind of one of your old-established practitioners when an enterprising upstart comes to town and threatens to enter his field.

"Doctor Serocold" comes out in the summer-fiction season but it would be a good book even in winter.

"Sinners in Summertime" is no book for the lazy reader, in spite of its light and flippant tone, for this novel from Norway, by Sigurd Hoel, is Freud turned into farce, a comedy built on the sacred subject of sex freedom. It is audaciously, gaily, and pungently written and I beg you not to be frightened off by its unfortunate title.

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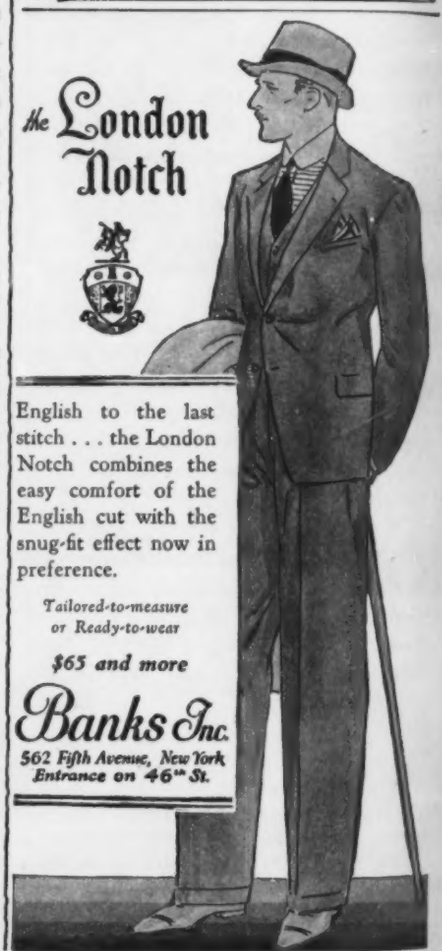

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Mr. Hoel has a bright comedy plan. Four young women and four young men set out to have an ideal vacation together. There is to be no nonsense, for they are all free from suppressions; there is to be no romance, because they are all intellectuals with their hearts in their work; above all there is to be no drama, because drama only arises from the mistakes of the unenlightened.

Of course, in spite of their psychoanalytical guidebooks, the vacationists run into the whole range of unruly situations. There are threatened suicides, and fights and tragic romances. One of the more violent quarrels is a gorgeous slapstick affair, in which a headstrong old sheep takes an active part.

Mr. Hoel pokes fun at his young people, but he does so lightly, goodhumoredly, and ingeniously. Best of all, his characters are really young and not just so many Fannie Wards. The hero, who tells the story, is always dropping off to sleep just as he has declared he will never sleep again, or plunging into a large meal at a time when his soul is tormented. And that is youth.

IF "Sinners in Summertime" has the worst title of the week, "Only Saps Work" has the best. This book is the very superior work of an excellent reporter, Courtenay Terrett. It is a study in racketeering, with helpful advice to young men as to how to become a racketeer. There is, for instance, the laundry racket for those who are more strong than subtle. The judge racket, on the other hand, is a slick white-collar job that involves no social stooping.

Mr. Terrett writes bitingly and concisely. He does not, thank goodness, waste much time with such obvious and well-press-agented rackets as bootlegging and night clubs. Nor is his book too insistent on melodrama. If you know a college graduate who hasn't yet found his lifework, you might give him a copy of "Only Saps Work." Years later he may thank you for starting him on the road to success.

—A. W. S.

•

CHICAGO, (AP).—Man's chances of getting an ideal wife are only 3 out of 10, Mrs. Clarence G. Goodwin, past president of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs has computed.—*Dallas (Tex.) Times Herald.*

Yes, and even if he gets her, she turns into a past president.

Besides being a genuinely aesthetic experience, a treatment at the Helena Rubinstein Salon is a rich opportunity for self-discovery—the discovery and recovery of one's loveliest self. For Helena Rubinstein specializes in the beauty problem of the individual.

It is this specializing art that distinguishes the treatments of Helena Rubinstein. It is her unerring understanding of temperaments and temperatures that has made her New York and other metropolitan Salons the mecca of fastidious faces of every climate, from the pale Nordic to the rich, warm Latin type.

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The Water Lily Mask will keep your beauty beautifully tempered at this trying time of year. Or you may require a course of bleaching treatments, or at least one of the popular Lesson Treatments—to start you on the right road to Beauty!

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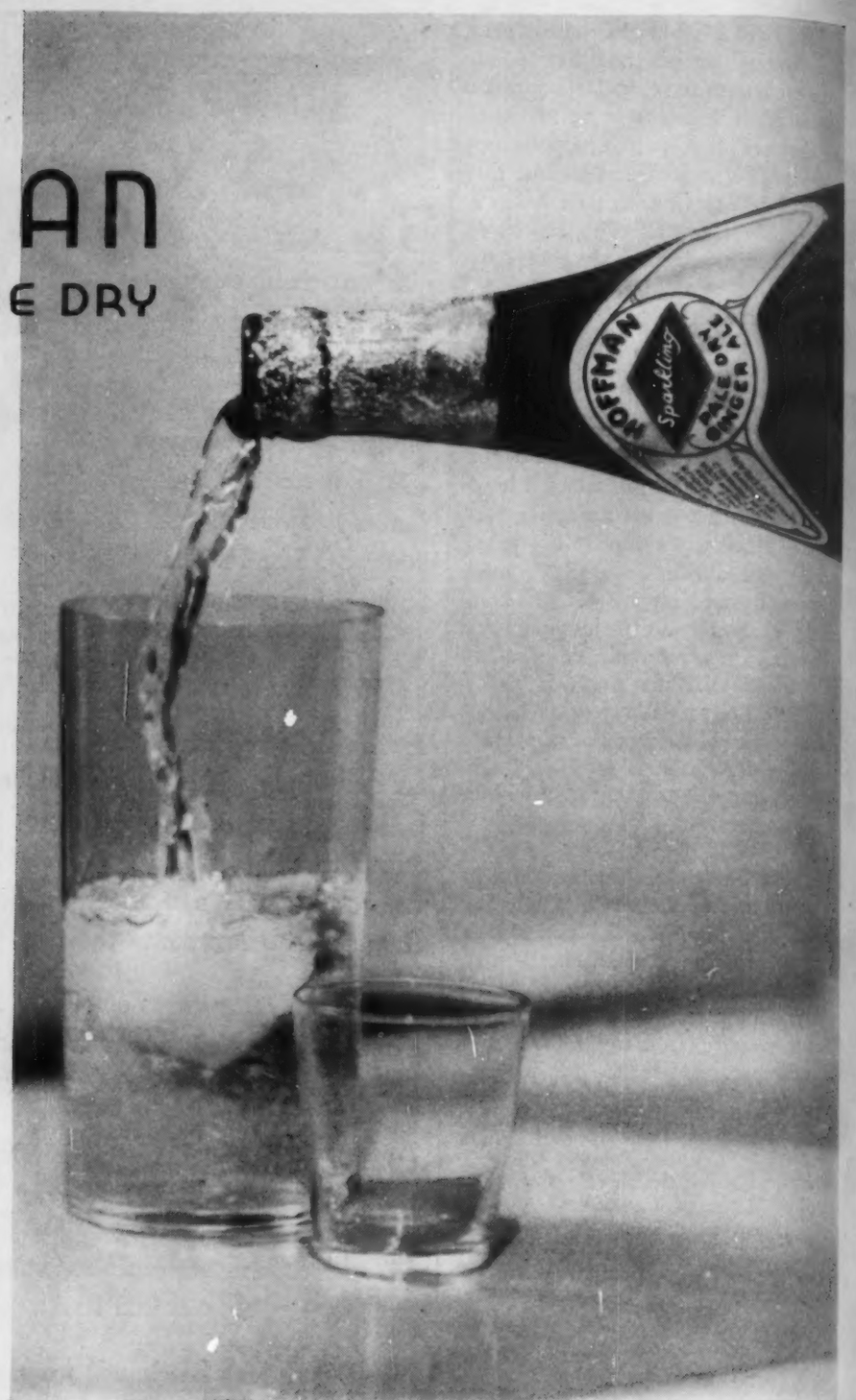

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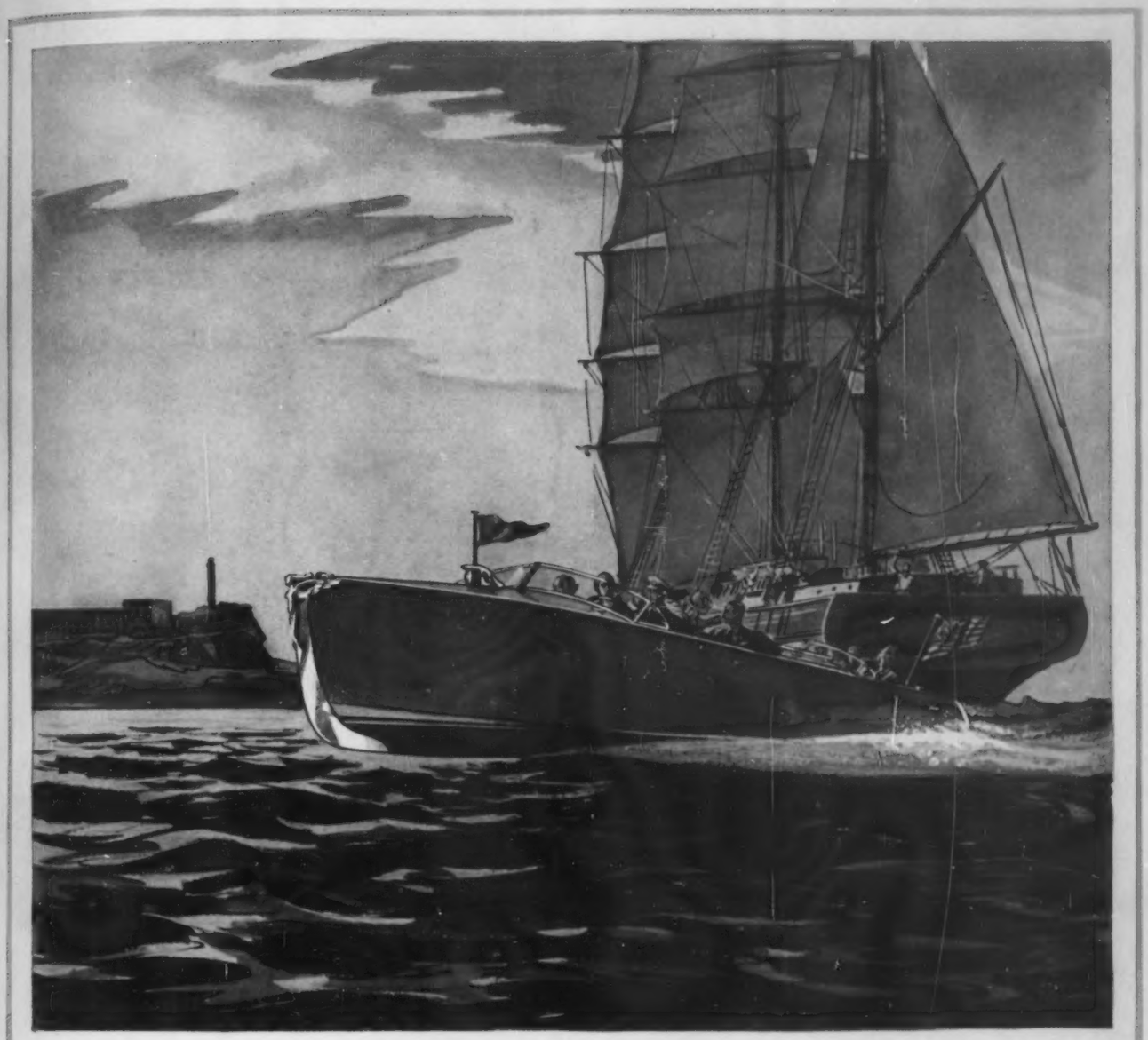
HOT THIRSTY CHILDREN . . . really need fruit drinks in summertime. Give them all the Hoffman Fruit Beverages they want. They're perfectly pure and wholesome because they are made from real fruit; made directly from the fruit itself with sugar and pure sparkling water added. Children love Hoffman ★ Raspberry Beverage, it's so good and so refreshing. With ice cream it makes a delicious ice cream soda.

LOCAL BUBBLE MAKES GOOD • *Amid the noise of riveting your attention to a dozen different brands the local bubble has fizzed its way to the top. It has won fame and honor in its own country. The New Yorker's ten million neighbors prefer the Hoffman Bubble to any other brand . . . and prove it by* buying *more. And every time you open a big-hearted Host-size bottle of Hoffman Pale Dry or Lime Dry and quaff those delicious refreshing sparkling flavors, you know why—and how!*



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